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The Week

EUROPE'S first response to Secretary Kellogg's proposal for a universal renunciation of war was stupefaction, and no wonder. Here is the country which refused to join the League or the World Court, which declines compulsory arbitration and will not even discuss, with anybody, its domination of the western hemisphere—here is such a country, suddenly indicating a desire to renounce all war, and to seek the solution of every international question by pacific means. What lies behind such a proposal? How far is the United States actually prepared to go? In seeking to answer these questions, it may be useful to draw up a list of the facts which tend to justify an optimistic interpretation, or its reverse. On the right side of the ledger, then, we may note:

1. An offer by the most powerful nation on earth, if not to outlaw war, to renounce it by a treaty, which

every country would be invited to sign, is certainly of historic significance.

2. Such a treaty, if signed by the leading powers, would act as a valuable argument for those seeking to prevent the unreasonable growth of armies and navies.

3. If such a treaty were in force, it is inconceivable that the United States would not subsequently move forward to consider coercive steps to be taken against any country which violated its terms.

Justifying a pessimistic view are these arguments:

1. The United States invited France to coöperate in an action to which, it is well known, France is strongly opposed. It is, therefore, impossible to avoid the suspicion that the offer has been made in the expectation that it will be rejected, thereby ending an attempt by France to obtain a bilateral treaty, amounting practically to an alliance, which the United States is not prepared to grant.

2. To "renounce" war without providing any effective alternative machinery for settling international disputes, *whether justiciable or not*, is like building an automobile without an engine. Such a declaration, standing alone, could not delay any oncoming war by a week.

3. Mr. Kellogg's proposal must either be limited to "aggressive" wars, as the Claudel note, published Sunday, sought to confine it, or come into sharp conflict with the League obligations of the European powers, which have agreed to come to the aid of any country unjustly attacked. But the United States will not consent to distinguish between wars of aggression and others, unless it is to judge for itself. Naturally, Europe cannot accept such a shifting of responsibility.

4. Mr. Kellogg proposes but the Senate disposes. There is no likelihood that the present body, or any early successor, will accept any obligation to move against a power guilty of aggression, except when that aggression is against the United States, and of a character to constitute a *casus belli*. Congress is not even ready as yet to agree that we shall not insist on our right, as a neutral, to trade with a country which is under blockade by the League.

The situation may be summed up by saying that France made a proposal which the United States did not want to accept. Mr. Kellogg now replies with an offer which neither France nor America

would like to see carried out. France finds it embarrassing because of her engagements under the League, and her treaties with Poland and the Little Entente; American opinion is far from being ready for any undertaking which would have significance in European eyes.

THE proposed arbitration treaty between France and the United States to take the place of the one which expires February 27 (entirely separate, of course, from the multilateral anti-war proposal) has some interesting features. A new preamble repeats the repudiation of war as an instrument of national policy—a worthy sentiment, but one which, expressed in a preamble, is without any binding force. The list of questions reserved from arbitration is reduced from “the vital interests, the independence or the honor of the two contracting States,” by the elimination of honor, as not needing specific mention, and is increased by the exemption of domestic questions, and issues arising under the Monroe Doctrine. A clause regarding conciliation is included, which the French say is needless, because the Bryan conciliation treaty is still in effect, and is much broader, since under it no cause of dispute is reserved. The French also object to the provision that no arbitration shall be binding on the United States until ratified by the Senate. On the whole, the new treaty does not mean very much; its chief importance lies in the fact that it is to serve as a model for proposals to be submitted to all other countries as their arbitration agreements with America expire. Great Britain, Japan and Norway are on this list for 1928, and copies of the proposal have already been forwarded to their governments.

EVEN Mr. Hearst now concedes that his famous Mexican documents are false, his own expert witnesses having pronounced them not only forgeries, but clumsy and stupid ones. Some of the absurdities in them are pointed out by Mr. Carleton Beals, in an article elsewhere in this issue, written before the expert testimony in Washington had appeared. But Mr. Hearst insists that, while the documents are spurious, “the facts” in them are true. In a long “letter” to his editors, published conspicuously in his papers, he abuses Mexico, complains that the Coolidge administration has changed its attitude and thereby deserted his banner, says that the hand of Calles is “red with the blood of murdered Americans and Christian martyrs,” and complains that “the almost irresistible influence of the great financial powers which largely control this country” is on Mexico’s side. This is interesting, but not very specific. Just which “facts” does Mr. Hearst now take to his bosom? He has already repudiated the story of the bribes to four American Senators. Dr. Ernest Gruening has sued one Hearst paper for \$500,000 for libel because of the allegations about him. The records of cable and telegraph companies

disprove all the tales about large sums transmitted to New York. The books of the Mexican government departments, examined by Mr. Beals, show total annual expenditures smaller than the specific sums named in the documents. Mr. Hearst should make a list of the allegations he is prepared to support, and bring forward specific proof. Thus far, there is no evidence in corroboration of any of them, unless one may so describe the fact that Mexico recognized the Sacasa government in Nicaragua, as it had every moral and legal right to do. Mr. Hearst’s continued reckless attack on the government of a friendly neighbor will not satisfy many newspaper men’s notion of what constitutes decent and responsible journalism.

THE Senate Committee which investigated the Hearst Mexican documents consisted of five men, named by President Dawes. Four of the five came from states where Hearst has powerful newspapers, though there are plenty of good Republicans and Democrats in the Senate representing commonwealths not so blessed. Mr. Dawes thus left the members of the committee in a pretty dilemma. If they investigated rigorously, they exposed themselves to the enmity of a man whose attitude, expressed in his journals, might make or break them when next they run for office. If they should pussy-foot and whitewash, they would be unfaithful to the charge laid upon them by the Senate. As it happened, the Hearst documents were such an incompetent forgery that they fell apart at the first touch. The Senate Committee did a half-hearted, half-way job, though under the circumstances this did not much matter. But what shall we say of General Dawes’ motives? Was he guilty of gross bungling? Or of an attempted piece of political prestidigitation on behalf of Mr. Hearst, extremely powerful friend of the administration?

IT is well that Governor Smith of New York has endorsed and passed on to the legislature the proposal of a number of prominent jurists that liability insurance for automobile accidents be made compulsory, and that the fixing and distribution of damages be handled as in the case of workmen’s compensation, with scheduled indemnities depending partly on the earnings of the injured, and an administrative commission to take the place of the courts. The case for such a measure was presented at length in the New Republic some months ago. Its main points are reinforced by the letter of the jurists. They state that of the cases filed in the Supreme Court of New York County in 1927, over 73 percent were for damages due to accidents. This results in an intolerable congestion of the calendars and an injurious delay not only of the accident suits but of ordinary commercial litigation. Furthermore, only 17 percent of the owners of motor cars in the state carry liability insurance. Many of the negligent 83 percent are not only careless drivers,

but have no assets with which to pay damages. Damage suits are costly; damages cannot legally be collected from government and other operators; no remedy is afforded against "hit-and-run" drivers; and the fixing of responsibility for accidents is so difficult that jury trials are a mere gamble (the slightest degree of contributory negligence invalidating a claim). Uniform compensation for damages without regard to degree of responsibility, supported by compulsory insurance and a state fund, would obviate these evils and would in all probability be much less expensive to the individual insured motorist than the present system.

ARE President Coolidge and Secretary Mellon involved in bull speculations on the stock market? A few weeks ago a slump was halted by a prophecy by the Secretary of the Treasury that unprecedented prosperity was in sight for 1928. Last week, when the announcement of a tremendous total of brokers' loans brought uncertainty and a wave of selling, an apparently authorized news story stated that both Mr. Coolidge and Mr. Mellon regarded this increase of speculative credit as perfectly normal and without danger. The latest Federal Reserve statement shows that the reporting member banks have loaned on stock and bond security the tremendous total of \$6,426,296,000, an increase of \$955,008,000 over the same week of last year, and of \$229,576,000 over the previous week of this year. Meanwhile, "all other" loans and discounts—which include most of the ordinary commercial credit—had increased only \$65,851,000 over a year ago and had decreased \$25,573,000 from the previous week. The stimulation of stock speculation by low rates and easy credit has for months been looked upon with apprehension by bankers and economists, and has been allowed to persist chiefly because it was desirable to maintain a lower bank rate than London, in order to facilitate the export of some of our uncomfortably large stock of gold to England, which really needs it. What will the President say when, after a sufficient gold movement is completed, credit is restricted, support for the market lessened, and stocks have their expected fall?

WE note with interest that the latest development of the program of prosperity through increased efficiency, high wages and improved working conditions, is a policy of wage reduction in the textile mills of New England, combined with a recommendation by the New England Council to the legislature of Massachusetts that the law limiting the labor of women to forty-eight hours a week be robbed of its teeth by an amendment permitting overtime. Textile labor is already paid less than the labor in any other major industry; few operatives receive enough to support a family, even at a minimum of subsistence, without the wages of wives and children. The enlightened industrial interests

of New York have so far prevented, and are well mobilized to prevent again, the passage of a forty-eight-hour law in that state. Southern states, furnishing the competition which threatens large sections of the Northern cotton textile industry, advertise with pride that they possess an ample labor supply willing to work for low wages at long hours, and that there are few vestiges of labor organization in their domains. Meanwhile, a few northern mills, through modern plants and superior efficiency, continue to make large profits. We recommend this situation to the attention of Mr. Gareth Garrett, who writes in the Saturday Evening Post that American industry is now so efficient, intelligent and generous that the modern wage policy of labor organizations is unnecessary.

A FEW weeks ago, the Massachusetts Judicial Council, an official body, recommended a change in the laws of that state to permit the Supreme Judicial Court to review the facts as well as the law, in capital cases brought up to it on appeal. As the New Republic has repeatedly pointed out, if Massachusetts had had such a law, which is common in other states, the terrible miscarriage of justice in the Sacco-Vanzetti case would probably have been avoided. Governor Fuller, in his annual message, endorses this recommendation of the Judicial Council; but he does so in a mean-spirited fashion which does not enhance his reputation as a statesman. He recommends the alteration, not because it will remedy a crying injustice, but in order that

the Governor will not be compelled to encounter the difficulties which were forced upon him in the year 1927 by the zealous defenders of persons convicted of first degree murder.

This is all he sees in the position of those who fought to save Sacco and Vanzetti—that they were "defenders of persons convicted of first degree murder"! The Governor cannot conceive of anyone's being interested in seeing justice done in Massachusetts for the sake of Massachusetts, for the sake of justice. To his mind, whoever tries to prevent the execution of an anarchist, when there is grave doubt as to his guilt, is *ipso facto* a sympathizer with anarchy.

MOPPING up after the Harding regime still continues. The Senate has just authorized a continuance of the oil investigation by the Public Lands Committee, for which, it is understood, Senator Walsh of Montana will again serve as prosecutor. It will be remembered that the \$230,000 which went to Secretary Fall came out of the dummy profits of a dummy corporation, the Continental Trading Company, Ltd., of Canada. But this sum did not represent the entire profit this company made on its single "transaction." There was another \$2,770,000. Who got it? Did it go to some other

public official? Was it used to help pay off the Republican campaign deficit of 1920? These are important questions, and the country has a right to know the answers to them.

WHEN Soviet Russia recently began to manufacture gas masks for her urban civilian population, and to train school children in their use, the world laughed. But is the joke so funny, after all? Everyone knows how deeply the people of London suffered from German air raids during the Great War. Major Gen. Mason M. Patrick, late chief of the U. S. Army Air Service, is responsible for the statement that twelve bombing planes of 1928, in a single air raid, could drop as many tons of bombs as the Germans used on London in the whole course of the War. While anti-aircraft defense has improved, the best authorities believe it has lagged behind aerial attack. Any of the leading powers of the world (except Germany) is now in a position to mobilize an air fleet which could demoralize any great city. Explosive, incendiary and gas bombs would be used, the latter probably of two types. The first of these would contain a non-fatal but intensely irritating gas which would cause one coming in contact with it to tear off his gas mask in the effort to breathe, and the second would supply a gas crippling or fatal in its effect. The distance between the United States and the shores of Europe or Asia would make such attacks on our cities more difficult, but not impossible. Submarines of the present types can carry aeroplanes, to be assembled on the decks at night; and an aeroplane mother ship might slip through a defending patrol and get within two or three hundred miles of our coast. Possibly the Russians are not so foolish.

The American Scene—in Perspective

A LOYAL and discriminating American can hardly acquiesce without many reservations in the indictment which, elsewhere in this issue of the New Republic, Mr. Harold Laski draws up against the prevailing social and political behavior of this country. He may recognize the substantial truth of many of Mr. Laski's observations about contemporary America. He may himself criticize its political economy as plutocratic, in words which appear to be no less censorious. Yet, in addition to certain doubts about the fidelity of Mr. Laski's sketch as a whole, he may demur in two important respects to the underlying assumptions of Mr. Laski's indictment. He may question how far it is profitable to discuss the American social and political scene as if it were the product of voluntary preference by the American people for ignoble and unworthy behavior. He may also question whether, in so far as the American people are yielding to a temptation to live hurriedly, cheaply and aimlessly,

the European peoples are any more immune than Americans against the seductions of this particular error and an eventual yielding to it.

There is nothing novel about Mr. Laski's indictment. European, and particularly English, critics began three generations ago to describe the life of the American people as hurried, mechanical, preoccupied by material comfort and indifferent to the higher spiritual values. In the beginning, they usually attributed these American faults to the deplorable lack in this country of an hereditary aristocracy and an established Church, but toward the end of the last century they altered their tone. After Matthew Arnold had criticized the English upper and middle classes for spiritual defects analogous to those of the American business man, and after industry and democracy had undermined the social and political prestige of the British aristocracy, English comments on America became for a while more tolerant and more sympathetic. Only since the post-war contrast between European privations and American prosperity aroused their resentment, have French and English critics again detected something essentially cheap, mechanical, demoralizing and even sinister about American national culture.

The United States is in truth merely a peculiarly unshackled, lucky and successful example of a middle-class capitalist society. In Europe the climbing middle class has required centuries to break down the political, social and cultural privileges of the landed aristocracies. Recently it has been no less occupied with an effort to overcome the stubborn but ineffectual resistance to its domination by more or less class-conscious workers. American business men, on the other hand, have had a virgin continent to exploit, and in their climb to power there were no hereditary aristocrats and few class-conscious workers to resist their success. Except in the case of the Southern planters and an occasional agrarian revolt, they have neutralized without much effort the opposition of antagonistic social groups. They have become so powerful that Mr. Laski is not far wrong in stating that the "temper of American life is set by the successful business man." He and other European critics should, however, recognize that the triumph of an economic civilization in America is merely a prophecy of its triumph elsewhere. The activities of modern society all over the world are, for better or worse, increasingly determined by the desire to produce more economic goods and to distribute them better. The United States has carried this apotheosis of business further than any European country, but Europe is responsible for starting it, and something of the kind is specified by the essential trend of Christian civilization. Europe and America (and apparently Asia too) are all embarked in the same boat on the same voyage. If Uncle Sam is to perish of an ignoble preference for materialism, his European cultural relatives will accompany or follow him in his deliberate moral suicide.

The assumption that the moral superficiality and the emotional dissipation of American life might be overcome if only Americans would pull themselves up and would cultivate a livelier feeling of collective obligation is meaningless, if true. The American attempt to fulfill human life by inventing machines to satisfy the largest possible volume of economic wants is the necessary consequence of the increasing control over nature by unregenerate man. The undermining of the old belief in a divine and explicitly revealed government of the world prepared the way for the attempt. A confession of human ignorance has taken the place of the anthropomorphic dogmatism of early Christianity. Men are seeking for light by means of a merely experimental inquiry into the way in which the world actually behaves. The success of this hypothetical method in accounting for natural processes and in stimulating the invention of an improved technology has released the previously suppressed human longing for the increased satisfaction of particular desires. Modern civilization is based on a "pleasure economy." It is animated by the hope and is being organized for the purpose of satisfying the wants of the human animal for food, shelter, comfort, leisure, security and the opportunity for play—wants which in the past have been satisfied for only a few people and that, precariously.

The difference between Europeans and Americans in their relation to the satisfaction of these common natural wants is a difference of opportunity and success rather than of preoccupation. The discovery of America was one of the first consequences of a more inquisitive attitude toward the world and an improved technology. The Europeans who crossed the Atlantic could, in their increasingly capable effort to satisfy their economic needs, dispose of an unprecedented abundance of raw materials which social and political obstacles did not prevent them from acquiring and refining. In the course of centuries they have accumulated an enormous surplus of wealth which takes the form of a vast aggregation and multiplication of machinery, and by operating these machines they are harvesting an incalculable volume of cheap and common satisfactions. Being much more successful in this respect than other people, it is part of their tradition to "idealize" what they are doing and the way they are doing it. They identify in their own minds the kind of satisfactions which they are harvesting with the completer fulfillment for which humanity has always aspired. They are carrying this identification much further than they are entitled to, but this over-valuation of their successful activities is an amiable and explicable error rather than an ignoble disgrace. They are acting from motives which, whatever the dangers and deceptions of pursuing them, have never as yet enjoyed a sufficient opportunity of expression. American life is wound up emotionally to go through with the experiment, and reproofs derived from traditional religious dogmas and

moral labors will not and should not check them.

The social and religious controls which still exist in Europe and in America are relics of a political or ecclesiastical authoritarianism which was devised as the administrative instrument of a proclaimed providential government of the world and human society. The purveyors of this censorship pretended to know what human beings needed to do in order to bring about their own fulfillment. The traditional religious culture of the Christian peoples is impotent, in an age of successful naturalism, to vindicate this pretension. It consisted, in large measure, of a rationalization of the suppression of economic motives (which was at that time necessitated by the lack of adequate machinery) for the benefit of fictitious other-worldly compensations. Its protagonists have never candidly inquired how far the great society and the human spirit can serve as the hospitable host of these economic wants without serving also as their mere accomplices. In the meantime, the modern peoples, with the Americans in the vanguard, are proceeding imperturbably with the effort to satisfy these wants more fully, no matter what the moralists at home or abroad may say.

Mr. Laski recognizes, of course, the essentially economic impulse which gives its momentum to modern civilization. He would agree, doubtless, to the assertion that the traditional religious culture of the West knows too much to deny the impulse but not enough to civilize it. He himself is interested chiefly in setting up political controls, and the traditional moral censor which exists latently in all of us is aroused in him by the political stagnation which seems to be born of the popular preoccupation in America with economic satisfactions. We submit that his reproofs are the echo of a moral culture which he himself in another relationship would consider obsolete. To reproach modern Americans with being materialist economic addicts does not differ essentially from reproaching them for an involuntary share in original sin. The modern world is reconciled to the fall of man. Its denizens hope to extricate themselves, not by the grace of God but by exploring the depths in which they now live and by pursuing unscrupulously but expertly and inquisitively its alleged idols and phantoms. Mr. Laski sympathizes with the pursuit, but he objects to the political irresponsibility with which Americans are going about it. The New Republic also would like to see American people more interested in social democratic politics, but to reproach them for the lack, as Mr. Laski does, is, in our opinion, a poor example of the application of scientific method to social facts. It is at least an open question whether they are not, for the present, pushing ahead on their chosen course more rapidly by avoiding political dissensions than by cultivating them. However that may be, if American civilization is as morally recreant as Mr. Laski declares it to be, it will not be saved by reformist political or economic agitation. Capitalism, communism and ordinary liber-

alism are merely different means of attaining the same end of satisfying to the utmost the economic wants of mankind. Their spokesmen all really beg the question of the religious evaluation of the enterprise. Yet when they are criticizing one another, as Mr. Laski is criticizing American capitalism, they are prone, for the benefit of their own moral comfort, to assume the validity of conventional and arbitrary judgments.

Americans indulge in a great deal of cheap behavior which is chargeable largely to their preoccupation with machinery and with material comforts, but recognition of this truth should arouse social philosophers not to upbraid the victorious victims but to inquire what can be done to emancipate them or how they in turn can be stimulated to undertake their own emancipation. Americans of today, like people of other times, simply do not know when they are falling into cheap behavior and by what lures they are tempted to dissipate the possible integrity of their lives. Yet they have more need of knowing than ever before, for they are living in a world which betrays them by appeals not merely to their senses and to their ambitions but to their aspirations. They seem to have a negligible chance of harnessing the machinery which is tending to mechanize the human psyche unless they can bring to the study of their own nature and society an equivalent of the scientific method which has added so much to the knowledge and the mystery of the natural world. They need, that is, a new religious culture which faces candidly the most momentous but neglected practical consequences of the passing of the dogma of a providential worldly order—the consequence, viz., that if modern human beings are to be ruined by their own illusion of power, they can save themselves only by increasingly trustworthy self-knowledge. Until religious aspiration does seek a synthesis of this kind between individual life and truth, human beings both in Europe and America will, in one way or another, be dominated by machine technology and economic obsessions. The State, no matter whether it remains individualist or becomes socialist, will humanize the machine and socialize capitalism only if it can summon to its aid a new and more authentic religious culture.

How to Get Out of Nicaragua

THE renewal of fighting in Nicaragua has jeopardized Mr. Coolidge's plans for the Pan-American Congress, and cancelled much of the good effect from Lindbergh's Central American tour, undertaken at grave risk to himself. Even Mr. Kellogg's proposal for a world-wide anti-war treaty has received a worse press in Europe than it would otherwise have done, because the editors could not resist pointing out the gap between his preaching and the Marines' practice.

Some of the denunciation, even from American

sources, seems to the New Republic to be based on a failure to keep the historical facts in perspective. What we are doing in Nicaragua is on a somewhat different footing from what we have done in Haiti. The present Marine activities in Nicaragua have grown out of the Stimson mission. Colonel Stimson persuaded Conservatives and Liberals to lay down their arms and permit a peaceful election to take place this year under American supervision. It is true that a good deal of pressure was brought to bear on the Liberals, who had been on the way to win their revolution when the United States stepped in and prevented this culmination; but they did agree, and most of them brought in their guns. The important exception was General Sandino. Since America had guaranteed the pacification of Nicaragua, the Marines were sent to get him, and have been trying in vain to do so.

The easy things for critics of the government's Nicaraguan policy to say are: (1) that we are protecting our bankers' investments; (2) that we are looking forward to our future Nicaraguan canal; (3) that we are maintaining in power a puppet of our own, in the person of Diaz. There is a measure of truth in each of these charges, but they do not constitute the whole story. There are some good and some bad motives behind our policy. Among the former is undoubtedly a certain degree of humanitarian desire to end an excessively cruel and bloody warfare. Civil strife in almost any country in the tropics is, in the majority of cases, a creation, not of the popular will, but of the ambition of strong individuals. It is true, as Professor Raymond Leslie Buell, Research Director of the Foreign Policy Association of New York, has recently pointed out, that since the "ins" usually win all elections, revolution is the only practicable means for ending a tyranny. But this does not mean that all revolutions come under such a category. The fighting is done, as a rule, by conscript armies which have but the haziest notion as to what it is all about. When a revolution is successful, often after great loss of life, the chief result generally visible to the naked eye is that one little group instead of another is in control of the government strong box (which has usually been stripped bare by the retiring administration). This is not a description of the late war in Nicaragua, in particular, but of such a large proportion of all revolutions in Central America that it is not surprising that Washington should regard it as typical.

One does not need to be a Yankee imperialist to abhor such combat. The leading men of the Latin countries have themselves repeatedly expressed their disapproval of it. The Central American republics have a formal agreement that they will not recognize a government which comes into power by force of arms. We have a similar policy, promulgated successively by Democratic and Republican administrations. It is to be regretted that we have seemed to cloud its genuineness by recognizing

Diaz. This gentleman, while technically "elected," was in fact the heir of Chamorro, who came into power without bloodshed but by force. Nevertheless, the policy remains.

Latin America's objection to the happenings in Nicaragua is not so much to what is taking place, but to the way in which it is being done. The United States has, as the Latins see it, an unsavory record in the Caribbean and Central America. Any action on our part which is susceptible of a good and a bad interpretation, or a mixture of both, is likely to be considered wholly bad. There may be cases in which this is unavoidable, and the loss must be taken, but Nicaragua is not one of them. If the United States had invited the Latin-American nations, or even the few chief states, to a conference to consider the Nicaraguan problem, it is altogether likely that they would have responded with alacrity. The chances are excellent that they would then have recommended a solution along substantially the lines which America has followed, and would have accepted a proffer of our military forces to guarantee the maintenance of the truce. Even Mexico, which has a Central-American policy in some respects at odds with our own, would prefer such joint action to what is now going on. The way to get out of Nicaragua is, in fact, to stay in, at least until the election is held, but to stay in under such international auspices as would refute the charge of "Yankee imperialism."

Much of the harm done in the past is irremediable; but it is not too late to prevent worse harm in the future, not only in regard to Central America, but the Caribbean. The Pan-American Conference at Havana, which will have begun before this issue of the New Republic reaches most of its readers, offers President Coolidge a great opportunity. If the United States' delegation were to declare that henceforth Latin America will be consulted in regard to actions which ought properly to be undertaken internationally or not at all, the effect would be electric. Quite apart from the question of abstract morality, we have more to gain than to lose from such a departure. Morrow and Lindbergh have inaugurated a new era of good feeling. It can only be made permanent if we are prepared to put beneath it a solid foundation of equality and justice.

The Age of Production

THE most striking characteristic of the present industrial age in the United States is its enormous and rapid increase in productivity. All statistics bearing upon this point are so startling that observers of the passing scene tend to become fascinated with it. President Coolidge says we shall be prosperous because great further improvements in productive method are being made. European travelers go home and urge imitation of this coun-

try by the introduction of what they call "rationalization." Four or five years ago, the first statistical studies of the subject marked the beginning of a new range of thought by labor on wage policy; now spokesmen of industrialists themselves talk as if larger productivity had been introduced with the express purpose of increasing real wages, and as if it always and automatically had that effect. So prominent a phenomenon could not be without an influence on the thought of economists, who, while they have long had a theoretical niche for the improvement of methods, failed to see its pervasive importance in all their theories of exchange and distribution. Now comes one of the younger teachers of economics, Professor Rexford Guy Tugwell of Columbia, with a brief book introductory to the meaning of the whole matter, entitled "Industry's Coming of Age" (Harcourt, Brace, \$2).

Mr. Tugwell believes that we must look closely at this institution of industry, as it actually operates, if we are to understand and control it. He first assembles a number of the broader measures which indicate the recent rapid progress in the ability to produce more goods per man-hour of labor. Specific industries, whose productive efficiency has been studied by the United States Bureau of Labor statistics, show advances between 1914 and 1925 ranging all the way from 10.7 percent in slaughtering and meat-packing and 16.5 percent in boot and shoe manufacturing to 210 percent in automobile manufacturing and 211 percent in rubber tire making. In certain months of 1926 and 1927 a general index of industrial production was 25 percent above the level even of 1922, although no more men were employed. If we divide the total national income, as estimated by the National Bureau of Economic Research, by the total number of persons gainfully occupied, we see that the per-capita income increased from \$823 in 1909 to \$1,186 in 1926—and these figures discount price increases by expressing the income of both years in terms of dollars having the same purchasing power as in 1913.

The author then searches for the causes, for without knowledge of these, the whole progression must be a haphazard affair. Since a large part of the book is devoted to an elaboration of the nine general causes and the twenty-two specific or technical causes which he identifies, it would be impossible in a brief space to describe them. Other experts would doubtless wish to modify or amend his list. But the important point to observe is that any such careful look at the matter reveals, not a single magic formula such as "coöperation between labor and capital," or "payment of high wages," but a whole series of social conditions and technological advances, many of which came into being without much prevision of their total effect on industry or society. There are such general conditions as the spread of education, the increase and systematic

preservation of the store of technical skill and knowledge, the geographical rearrangement of population, the better ordering of our consuming lives, the cumulation of economic surplus. There are such specific instruments as directed research and controlled invention, the serialization of machines, better accounting control, American readiness to scrap obsolete plant and equipment, new power resources and better technique in the use of power.

In view of the considerable material benefits which such practices have conferred upon the greater part of the population, the dominant habit is to stop short at laudatory exclamations over the accomplishments of modern industry, as if nothing more were necessary. *Per contra*, many of those who have observed the less praiseworthy characteristics of the scene—such as war, unemployment, depressions, lagging industries like coal, textiles and agriculture, high-pressure salesmanship and shoddy products, relative poverty of two-thirds of the population, big-city congestion, extravagant expenditure of the well-to-do, waste of natural and human resources, monotony in repetitive machine operations, lack of significance or dignity in the working lives of the majority—tend to reject the whole system as one on the wrong track, to utter weak protests, to retire into mysticism, medievalism, or utopianism, and to seek the back-waters of Europe, Asia or Polynesia. Mr. Tugwell justly observes that neither attitude is very helpful. Industry is far from perfect, but we must begin our work with what exists. It is in the awkward age of rapidly though unevenly developing adolescence; its great physical advances are not yet paralleled by mental or spiritual coördination. If industry is to come of age in any true social sense, we must be aware of what is going on, and begin to adopt a broader and more conscious control.

It is easier to point out this necessity than to discover ways of meeting it. But Mr. Tugwell is hopeful enough to feel that the industrial order requires a richer development of tendencies already discoverable rather than a complete reassembling. Education, both of future participants and present managements, may be more intelligent. There is a drift toward socialization in the very scale, inclusiveness and interdependence of modern enterprises. In the separation of management from individual owners lies a diminished importance of the profit motive as such, and a possible enhancement of the professional spirit based on high social standards. Mechanization may be pushed far enough to get rid of most of the purely routine or disagreeable jobs.

Nevertheless, we cannot depend only on unconscious drift for the fulfillment of industrial maturity. Somehow there must arise a widespread consciousness of the serious defects of the present order, of its positive menace as a mere sprawling, uncontrolled energy. Enough people must actively feel the challenge to govern it for humanistic ends,

the adventure of trying to master a rich material civilization rather than allowing it to master them. This effort does not require asceticism, or indeed any revamping of basic individual motives. But it does require more knowledge, fuller realization, and a transfer of social approbation from the standards of conspicuous consumption to the standards of orderly and purposeful production. There are many important specific tasks to perform which must be done through some collective agency, not working chiefly for profit, and commanding popular support. Negative ideals such as "less government in business," combined with a fatuous admiration of everything business does, will have to be superseded. We shall have to introduce new forms of regulation, not of a harassing type, but better suited to building a social economy. We must, for instance, regulate the allocation of new capital—for this is the key to orderly growth adapted to the needs of the population. Many of the present disservices of industry are due to overexpansion in some directions and underexpansion in others, which results from individualistic, unplanned and profit-controlled investment. Probably some price control will be essential.

Since Mr. Tugwell's essay is preliminary, and largely devoted to a rough analysis of the existing situation, he does not enter far into creative speculation. His book is important, not because it adds anything to the knowledge of the experts, or because it proposes concrete reforms, but because it states the point of view which must become more widely shared if anything is to be done about a threatened industrial Frankenstein's monster except to submit to it or complain about it. A careful examination of what exists and how it operates, an experimental rather than a dogmatic approach to specific problems, an understanding of the implications of the structure as a whole, and the conception of civilization as something which man may and should mold, rather than as an order which he must accept as it becomes, are all essential in the growth of social maturity. It remains to develop this attitude, and to fill in its outlines.

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EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN GEORGE SOULE
EDMUND WILSON STARK YOUNG R. M. LOVETT

ASSISTANT EDITOR: T. S. MATTHEWS

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY WALDO FRANK
ALVIN JOHNSON E. C. LINDEMAN GILBERT SELDES
ELINOR WYLIE LEO WOLMAN LEWIS MUMFORD
ROBERT LITTELL

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The American Scene

THE English traveler who sees post-war America after long absence is impressed immediately by three things. Coming from a continent of poverty and depression, American prosperity is, at first, overwhelming. The confidence of the people, their clothes, their cars, seem to convey an air of solid and widespread well-being that has something of novelty in the history of civilization. He is struck, secondly, by the apartness of politics from the rest of the national life. There is little interest in, or awareness of, the issues (prohibition apart) which settle the acts of Congress. The politicians do not make, and sometimes hardly seem to influence, the temper of social thought. They live in a world into which the ordinary man does not choose to enter, and he does not seem to think either of them or of their doings as implicated in the essentials of his existence. And, more subtle than either of these, more difficult, therefore, to convey, he cannot help but note a certain complacency or condescension. It is as though the typical American had taken his achievement of material comfort as the mark of a final social well-being; or, if he has a further ambition, it is to achieve a greater material comfort than he already has. A bigger house, a bigger car, a more expensive radio set, a new fur coat, these (on the instalment plan) seem to the observer to be regarded as ideals. He cannot help a sense of doubt whether this satisfaction is not an index to a dangerous spiritual poverty. He recognizes the pace of American life, the urgency of American effort; he is not convinced that there is purpose or direction, chosen consciously for what they are morally worth, in the swift movement that he sees about him.

That America has achieved material prosperity for the average citizen upon a scale previously unknown in history, it is not, I think, possible to deny; nor that it is a prosperity which, broadly speaking, reaches far wider among the mass of men than in the past. Yet it is possible to be skeptical about its value. Virtuous materialism makes the mind cling to little objects; and while this may not corrupt, it does, in general, seem to enervate. America, to the outsider, seems in its present temper to make for an unprecedented number of men with small ambitions, but a disproportionately small number with ambitions of a noble kind. Nor is that all. The average American one meets is curiously egocentric; he attends to his own business, he speaks of his own concern, as if he were alone in the world, or as if, when he recognizes a neighbor, the latter is primarily the consumer of some commodity he has to sell. And because he is self-centered, he makes the present too much his concern. He ceases to have

a sense of responsibility for the future. Let him extend his material possessions, and he has attained social good in the process of extension. There is no ultimate and spiritual bond between one man and another, no sense of sharing in a great common fellowship. Each man is exploiting an avenue that may lead to his enrichment, without thinking of the consequence to his neighbors of success in that exploitation.

I am not seeking to suggest that material prosperity is a mistake; but I am concerned to wonder, as I have observed America, whether material prosperity pursued as a deliberate end does necessarily enhance the quality of civilization. Even more, I am concerned to doubt the American affirmation (which I found in many for whom I have high respect) that when material prosperity has been achieved a spiritual increase is added unto us. The temper of American life is set by the successful business man. His standards, of ethics, of art, of intellectual insight, do not strike me as attractive. He seems to believe that the ethics of success means the success of ethics. He lacks the ability to doubt. He has no real sense of impalpable values. He equates bigness with grandeur. He believes that to teach men to want more is to increase civilization, without regard to the problem of what is wanted. He confuses the announcement of right with the achievement of right. He has nothing of that communion with things unseen, that eternal self-questioning, that fellowship with the great spirits of the past, which have made the lives of poor and humble men happy and full in a sense unknown to him. He contents himself with material well-being; and so to do is, at least possibly, to lose the art of securing well-being itself. The very instability of his material desires is surely an index not only to the lack of an inner harmony in himself, but also to that over-zeal for the immediate which makes him angry with the long view. The result is his passion for the obvious; and great things are seldom obvious. He has, it may be granted, firm hold of the fact that the world is made for the energetic man to conquer. But he rarely inquires, he would probably think it sacrilegious to inquire, into what channels his energy should be directed.

This attitude pervades every class and area in America. The art of salesmanship is its chief contribution to the technique of living; and its addition to happiness is the prospect it offers of buying the material commodities you want before you have the means to pay for them. The universities even are influenced by this atmosphere; and students to whom Dante might have sung are taught that art of retail selling which consists in persuading your customer to buy something he need not want. Even science

has been captured by the ghoul of publicity; and one reads in the press of pronouncements that serve only to betray both its ideals and personalities. It invades the world of letters; and one big (often adventitious) success not only produces an immediate crop of imitators without direct vision, but drives the creative artist himself to premature and over-abundant production lest he lose his public. For salesmanship means advertisement; and advertisement means keeping hold of the attention you have so hardly won. It is easier, I believe, to gain the attention, and also easier to lose it, of Americans than of any other people. That means a feverish haste in life that is fatal to the art of thought about difficult or ultimate things. The creative artist can hardly arise or mature in an atmosphere where the significance of leisure is thus lost.

I believe myself that the consequences of American prosperity are seen nowhere so vividly as in the political sphere. No one can observe the legislature or the executive without the sense that their composition represents the apotheosis of mediocrity. The best elements of American life regard them either with scorn or with indignation. The average element asks only of its government the maintenance of order; I am not certain that this is not a step on the road to slavery. No man expects the statesman to set great objects above himself. No one—as the scandals of the Harding administration testify—is indignant when corruption is revealed. No one is alert for new theories of government, or interested in schemes of social innovation; too often they are merely regarded as irksome and dangerous. The despotism of parties that have ceased even to know what they stand for is accepted without question; they have learned the art of being able to degrade, without tormenting, their constituents. They give to the latter security, prosperity, pleasure, upon the saving condition that their minds do not play about matters of ultimate social constitution. The combination of a spasmodic popular sovereignty with a continuous administrative despotism produces an inert people; and, in the end, no inert people knows how to choose its governors. The political system having ceased either to debate great matters, or to devote itself to great purposes, ceases to be capable of educating those who are influenced by its results. To a considerable extent, indeed, this is the consequence of the form of American government; but it is also the result of a prosperity which offers great rewards to those willing to be absorbed by a purely private life. Politics, to the mass of men, seems not so much unimportant as irrelevant. It does not enter into the fabric of their daily lives. It does not absorb any substantial part of their thought. Even the simple function of voting arouses less and less of their interest.

Explanations, of course, have been offered for this phenomenon. Americans, it is said by some, do

for themselves what, in Europe, is done for the people by their governments; and this is a proof of the superior initiative and independence of the new world. Yet I should argue that the contrast with certain European phenomena, the control of hours of labor, social insurance on a national scale, the defective quality of the American civil service, are all of them representative of a weakness in the American concept of the state. They represent a failure of the average man to conceive of himself as a citizen. He does not see that what is done at the center of affairs is done in his name; and it is a moral weakness on his part to regard himself as disinterested. For the result is written in things like the recent happenings at Passaic, in the tragedies of Ludlow and Lawrence and half a score of similar events. The inattention of Americans to the growth of their imperialism is only a different phase of a similar negligence. No state can ultimately prosper in which the vast majority inertly surrenders its responsibility for sovereign acts.

Others believe that it is the outcome of the real inability of democracy to cope with its own problems. They are, it is said, too big and too complex for the average man to follow the nature of their solution. But this is, I believe, to confound the details of a solution with its underlying principles. There are few political questions, especially where ideas are related to men, on which the judgment of an interested average man is not helpful. The expert who controls ultimately betrays simply because he will not know what the average man wants; and only as the latter explains his desires and announces the degree to which they have been satisfied are the habits of a democratic community really fostered. The fault here of the new America is surely that it has mistaken that fluidity of classes which constitutes social equality there for political equality. In fact they are completely different.

For political equality is impossible without liberty; and liberty implies an active interest by the many in affairs of state. The social equality which Americans enjoy offers small comforts of a material kind to many; and it is possible that the flavor of liberty is so subtle as to be obscured by them. But political equality means that the engines of state work for the general interest; and those who direct them have to be watched a little grimly if this is to be achieved. The refusal of the average man to regard the work of Congress and the state legislatures as emphatically his business makes him unfree because it makes him significant only in his private context. It means that on the vital subjects there is no American opinion. It means that the framework of the national life, the mold through which it has to flow, is being shaped by men who do not need to consult those who will, at least in the long run, be profoundly affected by the result. That does not, perhaps, matter greatly in an era of prosperity; but, in a sudden crisis, it means that the instruments

which control the national destiny, and ought to be responsive to the national will, can in fact be careless of these because they have passed outside their control. Inertia in politics on the part of the people always pays a heavy penalty in the end. That is why the real groundwork of democratic security is a system which makes political power the highest prize of ambition in a community. It is, I think, a tragedy that in America men of high distinction should regard the honor to be won in the arena of politics either as ignoble or futile. For the field is then left to be cultivated by others whose purpose is unworthy of the end to be achieved.

I should myself argue that the circumstance under which the presidency of the United States fell to Mr. Coolidge is itself of high significance in this regard. That the position of greatest political importance in modern civilization should be the reward of chance is surely either tragedy or an offering on the altar of ironic genius. But it is, I think, more useful to note the expression of this temper in the quality of American political speculation during the last half-century. Much work of a valuably laborious kind has doubtless been achieved; but in really creative thought, in that inventiveness which is typified in England by the name of Bentham, there has been no name of real eminence since Abraham Lincoln. A great crisis enabled President Wilson to voice great aspirations greatly; but it is not unimportant in this context that he could not secure from his own people concerted effort for their fulfillment. American political thought impresses most European observers as at once timid and conservative. It is either occupied with description or obsessed by machinery. It has forgotten the great truth that political thought of a seminal kind is born only when the character of the people has been elevated to great purposes by great leadership. That was the secret of Washington and Hamilton, of Jefferson and of Lincoln. The banker, the manufacturer, the stockbroker, the organizer of a vast department-store, do not function on the plane where their actions raise the moral stature of their generation. Yet they are regarded by most Americans as their leaders. The men who in England or France or Germany set the temper of discussion are in America of comparatively little importance. The Cabinet officer, the Senator, the Congressman, are not the tried leaders of the people; and those who have replaced them are not so related to the national life as to educate by the counsel they are either able or willing to offer.

Were I an American, considerations such as these would give me a sense of profound disturbance about the future of my country. I should not feel that the bond between man and man was a union of spiritual purposes. I should feel that the equality was of a character too purely social to be related to the forces of permanent well-being. I should consider the present prosperity an oppor-

tunity to organize for high and conscious ends, a period for self-examination, rather than an occasion for complacency. It does not profit a people to be rich unless it has also won the right to moral self-respect. And that right is gained only upon the plane of the spirit.

Generalizations about any people are always too wide to be quantitatively true, and any examination which approached an indictment would only reveal its own inadequacy. There are elements in American life which weigh heavily and significantly against the considerations I have here urged. American literature, for example, reveals a spirit of restless self-criticism which is at once arresting and important. It suggests that the spirit of skepticism, the desire for a conscious and direct purpose for which I have been pleading, are already in the throes of birth. The discontent of American youth, even if on a small scale, is notorious and suggestive; for, as Disraeli said, the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity. Certain American judges reveal a temper in their decisions which is worthy of the great names of legal history. It is possible, moreover, that the law schools of America will, by the sheer quality and independence of their work, rescue American lawyers from their present and painful dependence on the business man; will, also, in the next generation, do the work in political philosophy which its technicians should perform. One can think, also, of isolated scholars in a number of universities, who, deaf to the call of marketplace idolatry, give themselves to their various sciences with a devotion of heart and a quality of mind which makes a European envy America their possession.

Above all, there is the emphatic sense, borne in upon every traveler to America, that, while it is complacent, it is not happy. It has somewhere buried, beneath its surface, the realization that the heart must lie where the treasure is, and that the heart of America does not lie there. Why does America yearn so eagerly for the creative genius in art, in poetry, in philosophy, unless it is uneasy about their absence from itself? The very generosity of its wealthy men is not merely a form of insurance, but also a pathetic striving to attain a self-respect that mere possessions do not confer. The presence, in every great center of population, of groups of younger men who, sometimes a little willfully, reject the standards of their environment, is important and arresting. It may well be that, unobviously to the stranger, the period of critical doubt has already begun in America. Certainly, if it comes, the very energy of the American character should make it a period of great importance in world history. For if America is able to save herself by her energy, it is at least possible that she may help to save Europe by her example.

HAROLD J. LASKI.

The Re-Discovery of America

IV: Wreckers and Recorders

In his first three articles, "The Last Days of Europe," "The Sense of the Whole," "Action as Decay," Mr. Frank laid the foundations of his approach to America. There was one great Western Culture. Its sources were the ancient worlds that lived on the Mediterranean. In Christian Medieval Europe, it reached the climax of an organic Whole. The creating of a Whole from all human experience is the basic human need. Science, art and religion express this need and sense of the Whole in an ascending series. The ultimate structure—religion—cannot survive if the sub-structures of science crumble. This explains the break of medieval religion and the activity of modern science. The dissolution of the cultural Body of Europe was expressed in the outgoing of human energy into such modern enterprise as discovery, adventure, invention, science, and in such new forms as nationalism, internationalism, protestantism. Action as a value by and for itself is a modern trait, contingent on the new emphasis set on personal will. Action, first of all, was a sign of decay of the Synthesis of Europe; and its chief embodiment was the machine.—THE EDITORS.

TO build and to break may be as diastole and systole in the heart of genius. Although it is true that Newton, Kepler, Calvin, Kant were men who warped apart the Ptolemaic Christian Synthesis; true that the discoverers, in making extra-European conduits, drained blood and trade so that at last even the economic whole of Europe was destroyed, we must accept their greatness. But our work, only, can justify their work. Only in so far as the modern men of science and religion, tearing at that old world, are proved by the event to have been building elsewhere; and as the pioneers who took the blood of Europe nurtured an embryo that we shall make to grow into a world, can our respect fulfill them. This is to say that, to love them rightly we must understand them. We must know the boundaries of their work as the outset of our own. We must know that, essentially, the successful men of modern times—they who were *at home* in Europe's falling House—were wreckers.

No one and no group of them created a Whole, in place of the Whole they were destroying. They were too contingent on the world they emerged from; they accepted certain assumptions of that world, they reacted negatively against others. No religion, after Rome, enlisted the entire man, personal, political, social. No art, after the yet medieval forms of Bach, El Greco, Shakespeare, created

a whole Man. The scientists, amending Aristotle, still concurred with faith in medieval notions. One and all, they were muddled and divided men. And the Order they created is a diagram of black and white—of two dimensions: it is no House in which man, with heart and soul and esthetic eye, may enter. Natural science is founded on approximations so feeble, so arbitrarily exclusive, that it shifts each season. The same holds with the constructions of political, social and psychological science. Nationalist, socialist, communist, democrat, anarchist, utilitarian, empiricist, deist, etc., etc., took fragments of medieval Europe as their basis. Not alone their material, even their vision remained a fragment. The modern era is not an independent epoch, not a beginning. The best that can be said for it is that it performed its task superbly: it crumbled the first cultural body of the West. It bequeathed to us a chaos in which no substance has been lost, much added: a supreme challenge for the creation of a World.

These wreckers were men of action. In laboratory or in square-rigged frigate, they acted. And they were at home in a dissolving Europe because their notions rhymed with, and enhanced, their world's organic process. Another sort of wrecker was the poet.

With the modern age, he becomes a recluse, a rebel, a pariah. Compare the confessions of Saint Augustine, of Hugo de Saint Victor, of Dante, with the confessions after Shakespeare.¹ The earlier poets felt themselves one with their brothers: they were parts of a whole, and this affinity was the motive of their self-confession. Even those who, like Geoffroy Rudel, yearned for a "distant princess" were but expressing the Platonic otherworldliness that made them one with their world. But the modern deemed himself unique; the wine of his self-revelation was pressed from the grape of solitude. Lyricism, until Petrarch, is the ordinate refrain that rhymes all men together. The modern lyric is anarchic: the report and the appeal of the exception for others equally bereft. The dissident strain is already heard in Shakespeare's sonnets. The Lakeists of England can be at home only in uninhabited hills. Baudelaire and Rimbaud sing to the Enemy of man, concoct artificial worlds to dwell in, since the world of their birth has become alien to them. Art that embodies wholes flees from life, which will no longer answer to its pur-

¹ The archetypes are Rousseau and Amiel. The exception is the mature Goethe of "Dichtung und Wahrheit."

pose; builds its ivory tower; becomes art for art's sake—pathetically feeding on itself.

The high creator, going into wilful exile, drags the intelligence of Europe with him and so abets the demolition of Europe. Blake consorts with angels. Nietzsche, having found no man in all his world, invokes a Superman to destroy it. Schopenhauer woos suicide in the East. Châteaubriand finds haven in the American forests. Rousseau and Tolstoy are lovers longing back, the one to an invisible childhood, the other to a literal Scripture.

Now the sneaking serpent walks
In mild humility
And the just man rages in the wild
Where lions roam. . . .

—Blake.

There is another class of creator. Unlike the lyric poet or the prophet who can make their Whole, if need be, from their entrails, or from dreams of Ultima Thule, these men find their materials in the extended world about them: the sticks and stones and flesh of human uses. If they find death, they employ death for their esthetic life: if disorder, they make an order, not *from* but *of* disorder. These men are the summarists and recorders.

Dante was of this class when he wrote his Comedy. He used verse, he called his Comedy divine: for poetry and divinity were explicit of the world he lived in. Like a great novelist, he told the story of mankind—of his society, in extension. Like a great novelist, he chose for his scenes the situations that essentially brought out his values. Terrestrial life, as he saw it, had its focus in the hereafter, since its dynamic end was liberation of the spirit. Therefore, as a good craftsman would, he placed his characters where they were most themselves: in hell and heaven. Since man was of God, even damnation was an integer of truth; the damned belonged to the divine. Note that in Dante's story there is no deep dissonance between the hero and his world. Note it well, for in all the centuries to come you will not find such harmony again. Suffering, struggle, defeat there are: they fuse into a general accord. The damned of Dante's hell are tortured, they do not disagree. They know the identical Universe of Beatrice. Its physical compartments are indeed the symbols of hierarchic Spirit spreading intact from infinite One to infinitesimal Many. Each chord of Dante's music resolves to Silence.

"Advance" three hundred years, and read the work of another summarist. "Don Quixote" is a tale of discord. Discord between the hero and his world, between God and man, between Christian ideals and the human order. The world which the Knight meets upon the road is body: he, in his gesture of service, justice, love, is spirit. He and his world glance off, each from the other. His activity is comic, since his world is careless. The damned of Dante had their holy place, and were

at home in it. The just of Cervantes is so utterly dispossessed that he is not crucified like Christ: he is laughed at. Dante's story is builded on acceptance; his music is the marriage of all parts. The man in Spain clashes the warring fragments of his world—laughter and pain—like cymbals.

Dissonance more frantic rings from "Faust."¹ Because he is a hero seeking a Body—a whole world—for his will, Faust is at odds with his world and ends by leaving it. Unlike a Jew or a Greek or a medieval Saint, he has no revelation to explore, divinely natural. He cannot argue fine points with Abelard, since the platform of faith is lacking; cannot weigh facts for truths with Archimedes, since factual reality has gone rotten. His will, dispossessed of body, vaults the world. Bursting with unhoused desire, he finds the Devil. He is the modern hero, the anarch of creative personal will at hopeless odds with dissolution.

Stendhal, who knew Napoleon, made perhaps the greatest record of that dusk of Europe, whose shadow is the example of the last European hero. Napoleon, the symbolic son of a lone, recalcitrant isle, was the integer of personal action in a severed world. He was the will that strives to bind all life in its own substanceless might, and fails. So Stendhal's hero, the young peasant Julien Sorel.² He is made isolate by intelligence and ambition. Pure of all extra-personal attachments, he plays the games of love and State and Church. His energy is a cancer in flaccid France. He has charm, courage, intellect, beauty. He has success. All that he needs to live is contact with the world he lives in. But neither his provincial town nor Paris touches him. The women whom he wins for the furtherance of his career do not touch him. His will, being lordly, schemes lordship in the world. It cannot persevere, it starves to death, because it finds no world. Now he can love his woman, since she has become, in her sensory hold on him, a symbol of the error of his will-to-live. Ready to die, he can love. And he insists on death, turning his will at last to self-destruction. Death is the one positive act he can achieve. Julien's insistence that the gallows take him in punishment of a crime for which he could easily have found defense is not the usual suicide: it has naught to do with conscience. It is the one opportunity he finds of contact with the social body. It is perhaps the truest and most terrible death in literature. Earlier heroes found life deceptive and, loving life, sought truer life in death. Their faith gives substance to what they have denied. The flesh of St. Augustine, of Plotinus becomes real, because their spirit is real. But Julien's world is mere evanescence. It has not given him life; its one possible action is to die.

¹ The medieval origin of Faust (like that of the volitionalism of Duns Scotus) does not gainsay the modernity of its development by Goethe. It was the dissident seed, that grew to be the expression of our dissident age.

² In the novel, "Le Rouge et le Noir."

Stendhal records the tragedy of chaos. Man to be integral must be an integral *part*. The serf of medieval Europe, the beggar of Islam are more realized as men, than Julien or Napoleon. Serf and beggar are minute, but they are atoms in an organic whole. The "pure" individual, though he be Emperor of the French, is a phantom. The books of Don Quixote and Faust revealed a hero and a society, dispossessed each of the other, yet still each surviving. With Julien and Napoleon comes the death of the hero. In the work of the summarists that follow, we read the death of the world. The hero loses his will; the world loses its head. Hamlet, whose world was too much with him and who flinched before it, fathers the modern unheroic hero . . . Rolla, René, the Byronic Corsair, Adolph, Werther, down to the moon-calves and erotomaniacs and tea-sippers of London: homunculi whose lives are recollection, wistful or frantic, and whose world is a wasteland.

On the way is Balzac. His Comedy, being divine no longer, cannot be wholly human. With Saint Hilaire and Buffon as ideals, he paints a barbarous French fauna in which men and women move at the spur of sex and hunger. His world is a sensuous Inferno, topped by no Paradiso. Its reason, hence, is gone. His hell has forgotten it is damned. The dimension giving wholeness to the Dantean shambles was the divine consciousness that flooded it. Balzac's world is a gorgeous maze of voluptuousness and torture, standing by itself in awful independence, as the *whole* of human action. His heroes are fragmentary wills so shrewd as to snatch another's bone within the scrimmage. And when Balzac's genius does throw out a dominant figure, he is Vautrin, a fellow of Mephisto, a man who can, like Faust, express his will only in war with a society too torn to use him.

In Balzac, spirit and consciousness of spirit are fitful fires within a firmament of darkness. Despite Seraphita, Louis Lambert, the Lily in the Valley, etc., light has no dimension in his work; it is not of the texture. His men and women are still massive configurations, moving in shadow, but abiding within the classic forms of Time and Space and State. There is still substance, though it be but flesh. In the Comedy of Marcel Proust, this substance has decayed; and Space and Time have become careful figments of a personal sense. Proust calls his work "The Quest of the Time that Is Lost." Heroes in Europe had quested for the Grail; striven to make of earth the Word of God. Or they had risen like Faust and Don Quixote, against a chaos they admitted, and formed their Order in themselves. Now the "hero" becomes a memory; the world a maze of recollection. An exquisite neurotic, after twenty years in the salons of France, goes weary to bed: cork-lines his room, bars the shutters, lights his candle: pens in vast sedentary volumes the invalid record of a contemporary Europe. He weaves to be his world a wavering tapestry. Moral

and emotional conviction has no role in it: the continuity of sense, even of sentiment, is gone. All that is left is a sporadic Time: a web through which the memory of sense wanders and fumbles. This "hero," memory, is not of the mind, but of the nerves: it is coördinate with no conscious world. Its scene must be actually spaced and graphed by the effort of the artist. By itself, it is an exhalation.¹

Every true artist performs a kindred work on the material which he selects. His material must be *sound* for his purpose. If it be the rottenness of his age, he must not denature it by denying that the age is rotten. If it be chaos, he must enact his order from it by the acceptance of chaos. The work of art is always a group of phenomena, made into a whole. It requires the principle of order. In a dissolving age, the artist therefore will be compelled ever to more personal, more violent efforts in order to effect his synthesis. Dante takes his Order from the world about him. Proust finds the nucleus for his in the memory of a recumbent man. This subtle unity must weave its order for him, from moral, spiritual, and social chaos. In the "Ulysses" of James Joyce, there is a similar chaos—a similar violence of effort to control it. The directing force here is intellectual. It is the concept of a classic form, the concept of a day, the concept of a city.²

"Ulysses" is a summary of Europe. How that summary becomes art through permeation by the poet's self does not here concern us. We are not discussing art: we are using art, in a purpose of research. Here, then, in this book, in a form that recalls Homer, the Apocalypses of Alexandrian Jewry, the architectonic of Dante, Joyce presents the agony of worlds: the chaos of the Mediter-

¹ My interpretation of Proust is derived from only a partial reading of his fifteen-volume novel. I am therefore glad to note the dissent from it of Mr. Edmund Wilson, a far better Proustian than I. Mr. Wilson claims that the work, taken in its entirety, reveals a true synthesis and a recapture of the values which I find lacking. If he is right, Proust belongs with André Gide, as a figure of dawn, and not merely of the twilight. In such men as Goethe, Blake, Dostoyevsky, Rimbaud, Nietzsche, Gide, the last phases of Europe's cultural deliquescence are producing at least atoms of a recreated Whole. But this is not here our study. It is enough for our present need to establish the dissolution of the Mediterranean; the crucial, ultimate role of America in this process; and America's imperative, as an end, to be also a Beginning. If Proust belongs with other European figures who, from the material of chaos, bring forth the nucleus of a fresh Order, his work (like theirs) still serves our purpose as a revelation of that chaos.

² Spengler, despite his philosophical disguise, belong with the fictional summarists alongside Thomas Mann. "The Downfall of the West" is a poem in which the metaphysical and esthetic notions of his day are the characters and the material. His "Cultures" are abstractions from which has been as carefully excised all that does not fit the plot, as with the characters of ancient comedy. Spengler's *Tendenz* is the apologia for his own inner sense of death. By ponderous and often magnificent proof that Cultures are insulate, fated to rise and fall by an inexorable Pattern, he "establishes" the hopeless death of his world to his own emotional satisfaction and to that of those (they are legion) who like him prefer the certainty of an end to the challenge of further spiritual growth. His book is a negative answer to all those good Europeans from Blake to Gide, who distill the hope of a new birth from the death about them. No wonder he was popular. . . .

ranean death. Rome and medieval Britain, Hellene and Hebrew, Saxon liturgy, Hollywood movie captions, politics, whoredoms, pedantries, sea-winds, release of sex, liquor, journalism, defecation, the symbolatries of Jesuit, the day dreams of servant-

girls, ecstasy, bile . . . come all together in a Dublin day. Explode. Disappear. Europe disappears. And there remains a woman lying in her bed at dawn, dreaming the dream of her womb. . . .

WALDO FRANK.

The Meaning of the Hearst Documents¹

MY desk rises out of a white sea of papers "for People Who Think," i. e., the November and December issues of the New York American, containing the facsimiles of the alleged documents on Mexico, on Central America, on Guatemala, on Petén, on Japan, on Nicaragua and the proposed canal, on England and the coal strike, on the Soviet Legation in Mexico, on Russia and one Litvinoff, on China, on Israelite propaganda, on Washington and bribed Senators—all the tangled web in the center of which Mexico supposedly sits, spider-wise, devouring unsuspecting flies, promoting every sort of international disorder from pole to pole, and making life hard for elderly Mr. Kellogg.

After the most careful study of the Hearst facsimiles, after consulting experts on every doubtful point, after laboriously comparing the Hearst material with authentic documents of one sort or another in the Mexican archives, I am driven to the rock-bottom conclusion—which I present with unabridged confidence—that every document, without a single exception, is a rank forgery. There is not a single authentic document in the lot. Mexico may have done many things; but Mr. Hearst does not prove a single charge.

To anyone accustomed to Mexican communi-qués, the Hearst documents do not ring true. The Spanish blunders repeatedly. These little texts have all been composed by one or more individuals schooled in the English idiom, yet I suspect chiefly by a man who is neither Mexican nor American. The proper *Sprachgefühl* is missing—there is a steady going-on of phrases, then a sudden false turn, a sharp English twist of thought, something alien both to the official Mexican mind and to the Spanish-trained mind. Every document bristles with errors in grammar, spelling, typing, and form. The document incriminating The Nation, ten lines in length, contains twenty-two obvious errors. The Secret Treaty with Japan yields me two solid typewritten pages of errors. Accents! A veritable cobbler of a scribe has spit out the accents upon

the "last" of the text, has spiked his accentual tacks usually on the wrong words, missing the proper words. On the other hand, a number of letters are written without the employment of a single accent. Inconceivable! The Mexican—indeed, every half-way educated user of Spanish—is meticulous about the correct placing of accents.

"*Gastos Secretos!*" "Secret Expenditures!" (In one forged stamp spelled "*Gastos Secrtos.*") By law "*Gastos Secretos*" are allowed to but one department—*Gobernación*—and to no other. In the Hearst documents, "Secret Expenditures" are ascribed to the Department of Foreign Affairs, to the Executive, the *Estado Mayor*, the Department of Industry, Commerce, and Labor. None of these has any such fund. They all have allotments for "Unforeseen Expenditures" invariably itemized and totaling in each instance less (in 1926) than the amounts mentioned in the forged documents.

Seven stenographers and secretaries, employed in four government offices, were accustomed, it seems, to leave the accent off "*órdenes,*" and they wrote four of the key letters on the same typewriter. Seven stenographers and secretaries in three different government offices, producing nineteen of the key letters, were accustomed to make the utterly ludicrous error "*págo.*" Five stenographers and secretaries in four different government offices, producing seventeen key letters, were in the habit of misspelling "*dólares,*" though probably they had to use this word dozens of times each day. All these employees evidently picked on the Hearst documents especially, for some of these mistakes I encountered in the archives only after three or four hours of search over hundreds of documents; and the mistakes "*págo,*" "*ud,*" and "*a partida*" were not encountered once during a week of research.

For the sake of comparison, it might be imagined that some six government offices, under the direct or indirect supervision of President Coolidge, Mellon, and Hoover, each office with a *Jefe* or a private secretary and from one to four stenographers, many of them at times using the same typewriter, were all accustomed, over a period of nearly two years, to make such gross errors as "I seen" and "them people."

¹ Since this article was written by Mr. Beals, Mr. Hearst has himself conceded that his documents are forgeries. The New Republic nevertheless publishes Mr. Beals' article because of the important revelations it makes as to the atmosphere in which Mexican-American relations have in the past been conducted.

In the consideration of the falsity of these documents, their true significance in international affairs must not be lost sight of. My opinion is that all of these documents were written by the same hand, with the advice and direction of a better brain. Mr. Avila, who sold them to Mr. Hearst, was formerly of the American Military Intelligence service, at one time on the pay-roll of the American Embassy, and at all times closely in touch with Ambassador Sheffield. He was also on the pay-roll of Luis N. Morones, Minister of Industry, Commerce, and Labor, and of officials in the Secretariat of Treasury. He served many masters. Avila was jailed twice in Mexico. The first time Mr. Sheffield interceded in his behalf; the second time, Señor Morones. Mr. Avila was famed for his ability to produce any sort of document on very short notice. On one occasion, when interviewing Señor Morones, Morones showed me a secret American Embassy document, signed by Mr. Sheffield and written confidentially to Kellogg and Olds. This document was a virulent attack upon Morones, León, Secretary of Agriculture, and Puig Casauranc, Secretary of Education, and upon a prominent American publicist, interested in improving relations with Mexico. I displayed my surprise. Señor Morones' reply was: "I receive copies of every important secret document which leaves the American Embassy for Washington." A series of such documents, stolen from the American Embassy and altered to create friction, came into the hands of the Mexican government and were taken to Washington and delivered into the hands of the American government by Mr. George Barr Baker.

But in reality, Avila is an incident, an incident in a long trail of intrigue and bad faith. Avila was the product of an abnormal situation between two governments, the product of an atmosphere of hate, suspicion, and fear. The greater the hate, the suspicion, the fear, the distrust, the more scope for the Avilas. Avila was like a noxious gas which could expand into whatever space was allotted him. The real culprits in the matter are those who abetted and utilized the Avilas, those interested in stirring up a situation of inharmony between the two governments. The real responsibility rests upon Mr. Sheffield who used Avila; it rests equally with the Mexican officials who utilized such agents and depended upon their distorted information. The blame rests upon such journalists as Mr. Hearst who are willing to use such material without investigation.

In the general atmosphere of hatred and suspicion which Mr. Sheffield created during his stay in Mexico, the reputation of no man was safe. Both Mr. Sheffield and Mr. Weddel, the American Consul General, used their official positions to calumniate resident American writers and investigators anxious to avert international tragedy and to create the state of affairs which Mr. Morrow has since so ably brought about. The two officials named, during that

abnormal and unhealthy period, consistently attempted to poison the minds of prominent visiting Americans against everybody who had shown the least desire to better the relations between the two countries. It was high time that a Mr. Morrow came upon the scene.

CARLETON BEALS.

Mexico City.

Washington Notes

EXACTLY why that stalwart statesman from Ventnor, New Jersey, Senator Walter Evans Edge, should have so suddenly swung over into the Hoover camp last week I am unable definitely to say. There are, of course, plenty of low, cynical fellows in Washington—some of them his associates in the Senate—who hold that all that happened was that Mr. Edge, after a careful survey of the situation in New Jersey and elsewhere, and not being as dull as some people think he is, came to the conclusion that Mr. Hoover's opponents are not going to be able to prevent his nomination. That being the case, it seemed silly to Senator Edge not to have the personal and political advantage of being early with the winner.

In my judgment, the flopping of Senator Edge from his aloof and dignified position of favoring an uninstructed delegation to an out-and-out advocacy of the Hoover nomination is much more significant, so far as the immediate Republican future is concerned, than seems to have been generally grasped. It is undoubtedly the most important political happening since those secondary, simultaneous and—I trust—convincingly final withdrawals of the noble Calvin and the austere and bewhiskered Hughes. Both of these distinguished men will probably be, when this piece appears, in the beautiful island of Cuba, where the sugar-coated Pan-American Conference will run just as smoothly, I hope, as the bankers have planned. I hope, too, that the impressive picture of peace and good will may be unmarred by the pestiferous and poisonous little Nicaraguans of the liberal element who, uninvited, will hover on the outside for the purpose of discrediting our hand-picked and protected Nicaraguan delegates on the inside, and detracting from our reputation for justice, mercy and righteousness, which will be so nobly and solemnly proclaimed in the speeches of our representatives.

But to return to Senator Edge, the reasons his flop is significant are many, and, to my simple and untutored mind, important. In the first place, of course, it means adding the state of New Jersey to the Hoover column, which runs him well over the 300 line of assured convention delegates. But much more important is the fact that it completely spoils the plan of having the New Jersey delegation, along with New York and Pennsylvania, go to Kansas City with the purpose of using their approximately 200 votes in the convention as a balance of power to pick a compromise candidate more to the taste of certain frustrated gentlemen than the efficient Hoover would be. With New Jersey not only out of any such combination, but in the Hoover camp, the bottom drops out of that plan, and the Hoover chances are greatly enhanced.

Another reason for regarding the Edge acquisition as important is because of Senator Edge's well known personal and political connection with some of the very highest, widest and handsomest of the business and banking interests, popularly believed—a belief with a very sound basis—to be extremely influential and not infrequently dominant in the Republican party. Not many in Washington think that Mr. Edge would have made the leap for the Hoover boat if these aforesaid interests were as hostile as some have tried to make us suppose. As a matter of fact, the idea of Big Business being afraid of Herbert is one of the meatiest of political jokes. There may be individuals in the Big Business group who don't like him, but if and when he is nominated, just watch them line up behind him and freeze solid, just as they did behind Calvin. They will never love Herbert as well personally, but for political purposes they will be with him as wholeheartedly—and on that you can bet your money, or anybody else's, with complete safety.

Still another thing that I think should be of interest to those who watch the American political game and wonder at its puzzling inconsistencies is the fact that Senator Edge, who now plumps for Hoover and is preparing to deliver his state to him, is a raring, tearing wet from a rip-snorthing wet state, while Mr. Hoover, his candidate, is a comfortable and convinced dry who, I am told, thinks the prohibition experiment a hopeful one, and has said that its economic success can be proved in a hundred ways. If that is not significant, what is? If that does not mean that, regardless of Nicholas Murray Butler and William Edgar Borah, the Republican convention will refuse to declare itself on the prohibition question any more unequivocally or definitely than before, what does it mean? Plainly, it means that Republican wets of the East are content to accept a Republican dry of the West as their presidential candidate and forget all about the wet and dry question until after they have elected him. This leaves poor Jimmie Wadsworth crying in the wilderness, but poor Jimmie does not mean very much in the Republican political scheme any more, and his cries do not frighten his Republican friends. It is a curious and interesting situation that, in the majority party, the single live question of the day should be systematically smothered, while in the convention of the minority it just as regularly precipitates conflicts that not only insure party disaster, but actually threaten party destruction. That, however, is characteristic of both parties. It does appear that the flop of Senator Edge has done more to sew the nomination up for Herbert than any other single thing that has transpired in a good many weeks. Certainly that is the feeling of the sharpest and most seasoned of the alleged political leaders with whom I have talked, and who make it a business to know which way the cat is going to jump, a sufficient time ahead of the jump not to be left flat-footed.

Two other developments in the situation should, I think, be mentioned before closing. One is the fact that the extreme volubility of the anti-Hoover politicians around Washington has about dried up. For a while there was a perfect deluge of denunciation of a personal nature emanating from these gentlemen. It has noticeably ceased;

which is, I think, one of the surest signs that Herbert is too close to the nomination to make that sort of thing safe now.

The other development is the rumor that, before very long now, a statement may be expected from the sainted Mr. Mellon declaring for the nomination of Herbert as in the best interests of the party and the country. Of course, if Mr. Mellon made such a statement, that would put the Hoover candidacy under the head of finished business, and all the Herbertites could declare a national holiday. What the basis for the rumor is, or even whether there is any basis for it, I do not know. What I do know is that in the last week it has pretty well saturated Washington. The supposition has been that the sainted Andrew was not politically enamored of Herbert and not friendly to his cause. I am told upon the best authority, however, that, while there has been no intimacy, there has never been the least personal friction between the two, and there is no personal reason why Herbert should not expect support at the proper time from the great man. What makes me think there may be something in the rumor of the Mellon statement is the probability that, if he does not make it, Herbert will very likely be nominated anyhow, and if he does make it now, he could certainly get credit for putting the Hoover nomination over. Whether the old gentleman is keen enough politically to appreciate this I do not know, but some of his political advisers certainly are—and do. Not all of them are stone-heads.

Washington.

T. R. B.

“Desolation Is a Delicate Thing”

Sorrow lay upon my breast more heavily than winter clay
Lying ponderable upon the unmoving bosom of the dead;
Yet it was dissolved like a thin snowfall; it was softly
withered away;

Presently like a single drop of dew it had trembled and fled.

This sorrow, which seemed heavier than a shovelful of
loam,

Was gone like water, like a web of delicate frost;

It was silent and vanishing like smoke; it was scattered
like foam;

Though my mind should desire to preserve it, nevertheless
it is lost.

This sorrow was not like sorrow; it was shining and brief;
Even as I waked and was aware of its going, it was past
and gone;

It was not earth; it was no more than a light leaf,
Or a snowflake in spring, which perishes upon stone.

This sorrow was small and vulnerable and short-lived;
It was neither earth nor stone; it was silver snow
Fallen from heaven, perhaps; it has not survived
An hour of the sun; it is sad it should be so.

This sorrow, which I believed a gravestone over my heart,
Is gone like a cloud; it eluded me as I woke;
Its crystal dust is suddenly broken and blown apart;
It was not my heart; it was this poor sorrow alone which
broke.

ELINOR WYLIE.

Migratory Souls

Behold, the Bridegroom, by George Kelly. Cort Theater, December 26, 1927.

THE best way to take Mr. George Kelly's new play is as a step in his progress. As the author of "The Torchbearers," "The Show-Off," "Craig's Wife" and "Daisy Mayme," his position is such that anything he writes is of importance. Of these plays "The Torchbearers" and "Daisy Mayme" have a remarkably good texture of comic life and speech, but are unequal, taking them as a whole. His long-since-famous "The Show-Off" remains his most secure achievement and one of the best comedies so far in our theater. "Craig's Wife" aimed farther and had many of the virtues of the comedies, the same natural observation, speed, stage glitter, careful weaving of parts. It broke down toward the conclusion, because of its lack of solid character painting; the woman was understood and well rendered all the way through, the man only half confronted, the play slipped its balance, we had a sort of Strindberg accuracy and sincerity for one part and for the other a kind of half-seen popular conception. "Craig's Wife" was a serious drama with enough of the intention but without enough of the power of sincerity to carry it through.

The same thing cannot be said of Mr. Kelly's new play. It does not slip at the very last. The conception holds to the end, the characters are sustained in their profound meaning, the theme concludes. If it is not so engaging as "The Torchbearers," not so round and complete and successful as "The Show-Off," it stretches farther than either. It is unequal in interest and edge, in the security of the tone desired, in texture, but it marks a genuine step forward. It may well be a piece of work that will bridge an interval between this dramatist's past and a deeper and more important future.

The story begins with a young woman of twenty-seven, Antoinette Lyle, unexpectedly back from Europe, where her father has sent her with a woman she soon learned to detest. She and her cousin talk. Her cousin maintains that Antoinette is a born romantic, that she will one day succumb to an intense love and worship, that her whole luxurious and spoiled existence is a mockery of what she is. For three years Antoinette has been trifling with Gehring Fitler, whose life she has scattered and wasted, but whom she does not love. With her cousin then appears Spencer Train, a solid, admirable man of thirty-two or three. He hears the cynical, loose talk. Antoinette tries her little physical campaign on him. In vain, he does not even see the point. From that on she is consumed with a sense of her own unworthiness, the spoiled rottenness of a life in which she has not even been civil to people, has never done anything but Long Island and Europe, never sought anything but her own gratifications. This idea, plus her passionate infatuation, takes hold on her, exhausts her, breaks her down. Gehring Fitler comes when he learns that she is at home again. He hears her decision and her confession of her new state of despair and salvation. When he has gone, Antoinette's father comes. She begs him not to wait for her marriage, but

to go on and marry again. Then word comes of Gehring's suicide. Antoinette falls in a faint. In the third act we hear the doctors talk of Antoinette's illness; Spencer Train, back from Mexico, is brought to see her. The bridegroom is too late. She tells him what she has felt, and is carried off to die; and the play ends with his saying that he perhaps had been too late in seeing what had come to him and might never come again.

This material, it is clear, like that of all Mr. Kelly's plays, has been drawn straight out of our familiar life, the characters are all recognizable, sound and closely seen. The theme also is close to our American life; it is a moving and fruitful theme in itself, and coming as it does so near to us, is all the more moving for that.

The limitations of "Behold, the Bridegroom" come strangely out of these two facts. In the first place, its closeness to life and its determined sincerity of record prevent it from having what might at times be a more engaging pulse, a heightening whose theatricality, however far from actuality, at least would shine things up—in the talk of the doctors, for instance, or in the death scene. And in the second place, the seriousness of mind and intention prove sometimes too much for the author. He himself falls under the solemn spell of serious drama. Sometimes the tone is monotonous without being rich enough. And in that last act a positive bedside manner develops, everyone on the stage is so impressed with the seriousness of the occasion that we get to where nobody can ever make a natural elision, but must speak in the "I cannot," "it does not," "it is very," language; and the speeches stale down into a dullish propriety like a poor translation of Ibsen. Good advice to Mr. Kelly now would be to keep his serious purpose all right enough, but to find himself gradually more at home in it. Life is a plunging thing that cannot be bound; it is bright, dark, up-welling, happy in its warm, tragic current, passionate and varied. Great art, one way or another, always knows this.

Miss Judith Anderson as Antoinette gave an admirable performance. She has no natural pathos, only a sort of physical tragedy at her best moments, but she has great intelligence with regard to the meaning of her part. Miss Jean Dixon as the boring cousin, just from a tea and cocktails, was very exact and witty always; she ought to have a future in character acting. Mr. Lester Vail as the weak lover was convincing. The rest of the company were, as his actors have been in the past, well drilled and timed by Mr. Kelly's directing, but their playing went from quite fair to pretty flat. Among them Mr. John Mars-ton's Spencer Train, though his part was much better written than the husband in "Craig's Wife," was the most uncomfortable and overcome with his serious virtues.

But in the end we come back to Mr. George Kelly and this desire of his to strengthen the substance of his work, to make what is already successful enough, in many senses, more profound in its reach and more ambitious in its matter and significance. The essential theme beneath this new play has the real gentleness and sting of human meanings, has tragic pathos and concern. You have to admire the theme, the stage instinct, the honesty of method, the sincerity of detail, and, not the least important, the lack of any fear of tried stage effects, what cynics might even

call hokum, though it would be wiser to say effects that have been proved for their peculiar stage quality—I mean such things as the motive of the rose that Spencer Train wears in from the garden, and that Antoinette keeps pressed in a book and brings with her to her death, where she makes him put it on again, and where afterward, when she is gone, we see him putting it back into the book, as he makes the speech about his being too late himself in seeing what had come to him. But what you feel is that in striving for a deep unity of tone the dramatist has got himself confused. He needs to allow to all the elements of his play more exuberance and spring; needs to thicken the texture of many of the scenes with a more pressing naturalness of diction, and with more of that emotional variety and surprise that provide a living dramatic fabric. So far as his quality goes, as we have seen it in his other work, this new intention does not call on him to renounce any of it, but rather to carry it on and fill it out to these larger ends that "Behold, the Bridegroom" promises.

STARK YOUNG.

Thanks for Winter

How cold these apples and these pears
Which another autumn bears
In place of petals that were here
High in the summer of the year,
But fallen, now lie rotted there
To catch the apple and the pear.

The poorer fruit leave in its nest
Of limp and tawny grass. The best
Take home with you and coolly store:
Heat may not touch it any more.

Cold is a savior which will keep
The better fruit unsoft and sleek.
Cold is a lean and knowing juror,
Pronouncing death upon the poorer.

So praise this worthy frost, nor groan
For summer now beneath this stone:
Frost is a father in whose fingers
Fruit lies red and sweet food lingers.

As for the petals lost last June,
Soon enough we'll lie bestrewn
Under the pear and apple tree,
Drugged with bloom and frailty.

Soon enough through heated air
We shall drop like apple and pear
Into a greener nest than this
And sleep and sigh and sleep and kiss.

But now the flesh aggressive stands
Gathering winter in its hands,
Chilled and sturdy, brown and brave,
Stepping over summer's grave.

Hardened back and freezing brow,
Tend your colored harvest now
And exult that in this cold
No fruit can soften or grow old.

HARRISON DOWD.

A New York Diary

GOLDEN DAWN," billed as "the successor to 'Rose-Marie,'" has more pride of ancestry than hope of posterity. Even the genealogical point is not over-clear: Friml's music was a principal reason for "Rose-Marie's" success, while the finest choruses and soloists available cannot vivify the Kalman-Stothart score of "Golden Dawn." "Rose-Marie" had the comedian William Kent, with lines and business to suit him, but Kent is now enlivening "Funny Face," and in "Golden Dawn," despite the lonely heroic efforts of Gil Squires, the humor is largely the accidental by-product of a dreadful book, the love story (perhaps hacked out of "Trader Horn" and sweetened for Broadway) of the white queen of an African tribe. As the gorgeous voices are wasted on the score, so are there thrown away on a dull and trashy entertainment Mark Mooring's magnificent native masks and costumes, and some of the most beautiful of all Urban's settings.

"The White Eagle" ("The Squaw Man" to music) chooses to claim successorship to "The Vagabond King," but in fact no little "Rose-Marie" blood is in its veins. It has a Friml score, with the benefit of a first-class singing company. The book, in this case the love story of the daughter of an Indian tribe, is not the most plausible that could be imagined, but it does not take itself too seriously; and the cowboy comedians Mark Smith, Jay Fasset, and Earl Mayne, and Lawrance D'Orsay as a fine old mutton-chop military Englishman, see to it that the laughter comes only at the right places. Busby Berkeley's chorus dances are in the "Rose-Marie" tradition, and so is the color of such episodes as the marching of red-coated regimentals in the English episode, the whirl and dash of the goings-on in the Long Horn Saloon. Allan Prior, a young Australian playing the lead, is both a physically satisfactory hero and an exceptionally fine tenor. The program does not assist one to identify the musical numbers (yet unprinted at this writing), but it can be said that the score is of light-opera type and of unusual body and texture, and that more will be heard from "Alone," "Gather the Rose," and "The Regimental Song." Also there is something which the pretty Silver-Wing (Marion Keeler) calls "the mating call of our tribe," which it may be hoped will efface the memory of that earlier stand-by of dramatic sopranos, "Indian Love Call." Without jazz and with little ragtime, "The White Eagle" has beauty and vitality, and even in the face of heavy competition it should find its own public ready-made.

In "Good News" the comedy prevails; in "Funny Face," the music and the dancing; in "Manhattan Mary," the settings, costumes, and Ed Wynn; but for all-around distinction "Show Boat" can hardly have been surpassed by any musical show whatever. The pictorial possibilities of the plot—adapted from Edna Ferber's novel—include John Harkrider's bringing to life of countless fashion-plates of the eighties, of 1893 and of 1904; an inspired Urban cross-section of a Mississippi show-boat, with melodrama on its stage, massed crinolines on its floor and Negroes and water-front bad men in its gallery; the Mid-

way at the Columbian Exposition with side-shows, barkers, the "genuine Dahomey Africans," and a no less genuine cooch-dancer; choruses white, choruses high yellow, brown and black, and all colors strictly permanent; and Jules Bledsoe himself, to sing "Old Man River." The book is good theater, rich in incident and by-play, and it is in the hands of a well chosen cast. In particular, while there may be others than Charles Winninger equal to the part of the gay, cocky and heroic Cap'n of the show-boat, they will have to take their interpretations from him when their chance comes around. Finally, it is gratifying to record that in "Show Boat" Jerome Kern answers any previous suggestions from the writer that his musical bank-balance is overdrawn. His latest score is of his strongest, and "Old Man River," for its tune as well as Oscar Hammerstein's lyric, is among the few finest twentieth-century American songs. "Can't Help Lovin' That Man" is an interesting and successful experiment in negroid forms and inflections by a composer who till now had ignored them; "Why Do I Love You" is good straight Kern. His incidental music, which pervades almost all the action, should be published, as well as the rough-house song "Hay, Feller." Professional Afrophobes are advised to attend "Show Boat" incognito rather than deny themselves the pleasure of seeing it at all.

The skyline of Manhattan from the Hudson has always some fresh marvel to show; and the best thing that it has produced recently is, I think, the ventilators for the Holland tunnel: they are a beautiful piece of rational architecture. When the tunnel opened, I carefully went through all the newspaper accounts to discover who might have designed these fine structures; but, though the politicians spread themselves over the whole picture, in sundry calculations of the increase of values on the abutting properties, the engineers or architects were, as usual, anonymous. There is style in these structures: put alongside the Barclay-Vesey building, one realizes that they belong to the same order of thinking: they are the crystallization, in architecture, of our direct experimental technique in physics and engineering. There are other things in life besides physics and engineering; but when our architects try to express them, one feels that the age is not on their side, and that somehow there is a false note in their declaration—or, at all events, a forced note. I am inclined to think that the human element, lacking in our engineering buildings, will come back in the form of color. Mr. Ely Kahn is making some interesting experiments in this direction; and the redecorated halls of the Brooklyn Museum, in which each section is set off from the other by a different note of positive color, carried through in the stands and the cases and, if I remember correctly, the columns, shows how life can be brought by color into another otherwise merely "correct" solution of a physical problem.

The impulse to preach, which has been growing in Douglas Fairbanks for a long time, has at last mastered him. Hitherto he has been content with a mild sort of "New Thought" like that found in Harold Lloyd's "Grandma's Boy": the weakling can become strong if he

will only Believe. Now, in "The Gaucho," he has produced a film which the Catholic Church could take over as propaganda without altering a single frame. It begins with a miracle: a peasant girl, in an unnamed South American country, falls over a cliff, she is dying, the Virgin appears in a vision, she is saved. It ends with another miracle; Doug is suddenly cured of leprosy, when he has at last been taught, by the beautiful and ever so saintly Eve Southern, to pray. In between, we have old-fashioned Fairbanks acrobatics carefully alternated with long, earnest passages in which Doug (as a South American *gaucho* who, oddly enough, has never been inside a church) hears for the first time about the Ten Commandments and that it is desirable to forgive one's enemies.

Perhaps Doug, who is one of the few shrewd men in the movies, is looking ahead to a day when he can no longer be gymnastic, and is trying to find another role for himself. If so, his caution seems premature: in this film he does three kips in quick succession, on the frames of three awnings set vertically on a house front, as though he were still a yearling. I should add that his audience does not seem to mind the new seriousness. If I am right in guessing that the present picture will not succeed, this will be due to faults of structure and story, and not to the religious sentimentalism. But I think back with regret to the days of "Robin Hood" when Doug sought only, and successfully, to portray the ideal hero of boyhood.

Some weeks of faithful listening to the radio in New York, the broadcasting capital of America, have resulted in the following observations:

1. While the quantity of jazz and popular sentimental stuff to be heard over the air is still as great as ever, there is also a large and increasing amount of good music, which is now transmitted with great skill and effectiveness.
2. Literate announcers are badly needed. An hour listening to any but the two or three most important stations is fairly sure to result in hearing several grotesque errors of pronunciation.
3. The amount of open and blatant advertising is rapidly growing unendurable. Half the stations in the metropolitan area now devote so much time to plugging the Elite Bakery and Tony's Tonsorial Parlors that no sensible person should bother with them. One-third the present number of broadcasters would be plenty.
4. The orthophonic victrola, and similar devices, have been a godsend to the inferior stations. The new records may be played in a broadcasting studio and only a trained listener knows that the performers who made them are not present in the flesh. Many of these stations do nothing but praise the Busy Bee Kande Kitchen, and play records, day and night. The Federal Radio Commission has ruled that, when a record is played, the announcer must say so; but this order is often violated.
5. As a medium for the dissemination of ideas, radio is no more important than it was three or four years ago, which is to say, not at all. Speeches, lectures, debates and interviews are few and bad. Radio is now dominated by advertising, and even the advertiser has learned he must not talk at any length. He provides music or vaudeville, monologues, and the announcer mentions his company once

or twice in explaining "through whose courtesy" "this hour of music comes to you."

There are two or three current-events lecturers, who summarize a week's news in a quarter of an hour; the National League of Women Voters has just started a series of speeches on political questions; various college professors give brief talks on elementary phases of their subjects. But the total quantity of such material is too

small to make any impression on radio, and its quality not sufficiently high to cause any excitement among intelligent people. As things stand, my advice to those about to spend \$100 on a radio set would be to buy, instead, twenty dollars' worth of concert tickets, twenty dollars' worth of theater tickets, twenty dollars' worth of magazine subscriptions, to spend twenty dollars at the movies, and with the balance, to make the first payment on a new car.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

"A Financial Path to Peace"

SIR: Mr. Levinson's proposal of "A Financial Path to Peace," published in the New Republic of December 7, must have attracted many readers by the generosity of its outlook. I am convinced that the main principles which Mr. Levinson lays down must be the basis of any durable settlement; that is to say, German reparations must be fixed at a definite and moderate amount; inter-Allied government debts must be fixed on a similar principle; the one must be set off against the other; and the financial settlement must be made, if possible, the opportunity for an experiment in world peace.

Moreover, the figures which Mr. Levinson has chosen, perhaps more as illustrations of his argument than as definite proposals, strike me as being of something like the right order of magnitude all round. Such a settlement as he adumbrates would constitute a reasonably generous offer by the United States, and at the same time a reasonably lenient treatment of Germany.

If, therefore, I venture to express a doubt as to the details of the technical financial arrangements which Mr. Levinson proposes to bring about the settlement he desires, it is not out of any want of sympathy with his ideas, but only with a view to avoiding possible disillusionment and disappointment later on.

Mr. Levinson wishes to convert annual payments over a number of future years into capital sums to be discharged at once, and he invokes the aid of the financiers of the world to bring this about. But if private financiers are to be brought in—and I fully appreciate the advantages of getting rid of financial payments between governments spread over a great number of years, if this can possibly be done—we must not forget that, by shifting the task from governments to private finance, we do not in any way modify or mitigate the problems of transfer as between different countries. No country at the present moment, with the possible exception of France and the United States, is in a position to transfer large capital sums in cash to other countries. It follows that, broadly speaking, any financial arrangements must be concluded in the same financial centers as are to receive the proceeds of the loan when floated. It would not be possible for any country to finance by way of loan sums much larger than it would be due to receive on balance under the proposed settlement.

Now, Mr. Levinson does not indicate with precision in what proportions he would expect the proposed international loan to be divided between different financial centers. If he contemplates a division on the above principle, namely, that the financiers of no country shall be required to finance more than its government is due to receive under the settlement, well and good. But it is not clear that this principle is appreciated by him. And, indeed, its practical implications are exceedingly inconvenient. For, under the proposal, more than two-thirds of the proceeds would be receivable by the United States, whilst, in accordance with the terms of the Balfour offer, to which I am sure Great Britain would be ready to adhere, the net sum due to Great Britain would be *nil*. Thus, if the principle set forth above were to be accepted, by far the greater part of the loan would have to be floated in New York, and none of it in London. In practice, I am sure that London, in the interests of a settlement, would be prepared to go beyond this and would strain its resources to the utmost to participate. But our resources for such an operation are obviously very limited.

The practicability of the broad outlines of the scheme must depend, of course, on persuading the various governments concerned to fall in with the idea. But the technical financial means depend not only on good will, but also on capacity.

J. M. KEYNES.

London, England.

Henry Ward Beecher

SIR: I have so high a regard for the fearlessness with which Miss Alice Stone Blackwell has hitherto espoused liberal causes that I have been loath to take up the attack upon my biography of Henry Ward Beecher with which she has flooded the New England press, and which the New Republic now publishes in its issue of November 30.

Permit me to point out, however, with every respect to Miss Blackwell, that her criticisms of my book would be sounder if she would read the book. Its title, for example, is "Henry Ward Beecher: An American Portrait," not "Life of Henry Ward Beecher." Miss Blackwell would learn, by reading it, that Mr. Beecher could hardly have been "the first president of the American Woman Suffrage Association" in 1896, because in 1896 Mr. Beecher had been dead nine years. She would discover that, instead of accusing "Mr. Beecher of deserting the cause of woman's rights," what I say in my book, on page 236, is:

He deserted that wing of the suffrage movement to which Susan Anthony and his sister Bella belonged for the more conservative group of Julia Ward Howe.

The record of that shift in Mr. Beecher's suffrage connections is recorded on page 764, Vol. II, of the "History of Woman Suffrage," while on pages 52-53, Vol. III, of the same work, the authors of the "History" characterize Mr. Beecher's attitude towards woman's rights in 1876 as "somewhat problematical, at least in the respect tendered to women." I hope that, by reading the book, Miss Blackwell will also find that, far from belittling Mr. Beecher's suffrage activities, I say, on page viii, that "he ended his days an advocate of women's suffrage and the higher education of women."

As for Mr. Beecher's guilt or innocence of the various charges of adultery publicly preferred against him while he was still living, I express no opinion in my book. Anyone familiar with the history of the suffrage movement cannot be unaware of the sharp division which arose in the suffrage camp at this period. Nor is it in the least surprising that, when Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, from intimate first-hand knowledge of the facts in the case, pronounced Mr. Beecher guilty (as they did), Miss Blackwell's mother, Lucy Stone, who led the opposition suffrage group and who had no first-hand knowledge of the facts, should contend the contrary.

Miss Blackwell, or any other reader of my book, is free to deduce what he pleases from the evidence. But so long as Mr. Beecher, in his lifetime, took no action against those who openly and repeatedly accused him of both adultery and perjury, it seems to me a supererogation for anyone to become exercised over the matter now.

PAXTON HIBBEN.

New York City.

Mr. Russell Recapitulates

Philosophy, by Bertrand Russell. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 307 pages. \$3.

THE zest, not to say audacity, with which Mr. Bertrand Russell faces life makes everything he writes good reading. The present volume, however, is more than usually welcome; for in it Mr. Russell recapitulates his views upon the whole series of intellectual issues which are central for all his thought, as they must be for anybody's. He has written much both for scholars and for the general public. "The Analysis of Matter," published only just before this work, is a thoroughly substantial study; and meanwhile articles upon such subjects as education and public morals continue to pour from his pen in a steady and remarkably consistent stream. But this is the first time he has essayed a general recapitulation, so far as I can recall, since his little volume in the Home University Library.

That, indeed, is still worth reading. But regarded from this distance, it has a quaint and stuffy look, as of pre-war Cambridge. Since it appeared, two major series of events have occurred to affect the mode and temper, if not to alter the substance, of Mr. Russell's pronouncements. One is the development of physics. Einstein's work was substantially complete, I believe, when "Some Problems of Philosophy" was written; but its "repercussions," of which Mr. Russell discourses so eloquently here, had hardly then commenced, nor for some years after. Most of the thrilling discoveries in sub-atomic physics have occurred in the intervening years. Mr. Russell has written about them as they have occurred, bringing to bear on them his training as a mathematician and his interests as a philosopher. It is only natural that he should include them in his résumé.

The other important change is personal and social. The War has passed over us; Mr. Russell has met its challenge as he believed a philosopher should do; and, perhaps as an effect of the impact, he has become one of the leading humanists of the world. This change, too, must inevitably have left its mark upon his mind and work. In this book its most obvious effect is stylistic. Nearly every stylistic trace of the university don—so conspicuous in his early work—has now been lost; and we have the great, almost the unique, pleasure of reading a discussion of fundamental intellectual problems couched in a racy, tangy, pungent style pulsating with life and wit.

Mr. Russell would insist, I imagine, that his central intellectual position has not been shifted; and in a certain sense I agree. He is still what professors call a "realist." The major thesis of this exposition is that the reality behind both our thoughts and the physical events and elements of the "external" world is neither mental nor material nor both, but a sort of middle ground: neither and both at the same time. The idea is not new either to philosophy or to Mr. Russell; but it has seldom been presented so cogently—perhaps because it has seldom been presented so recently. As Mr. Russell makes us see in his remarkably clear summary of the recent development of science, the scientific conception of the material or substance of things has undergone great changes recently: such great changes that scientists no longer speak of material substance with any degree of certainty. Meanwhile, the case of "mental substance" has surely not improved. The behaviorists have been the most active group of

psychological theorists in these intervening years; and for some years Mr. Russell has been subjecting them to a by no means quiet scrutiny. He has been carrying on a running debate with Dr. Watson ever since his "Analysis of Mind." It is one of the most spicy ingredients of the dish that is now before us. As he remarks in one place, "Descartes says: I think, therefore I am. Watson says: There are rats in mazes, therefore I don't think." As a strict interpretation of behaviorism, this is a little ratty; but it is good debating, richly merited by Dr. Watson. Mr. Russell, in short, is not yet an orthodox behaviorist. Is he an orthodox anything? But he is at least willing to concede that the behaviorists have made life very hard for the believers in the metaphysical reality of consciousness. His "monism" is thus the point of focus of recent physics and equally recent psychology, as he interprets each.

Such a theory would be difficult for some of us to swallow. It seems to derive not from what we know but from what we have found we do not know—a retreat into the unknowable. But Mr. Russell is the last man to want anyone to swallow his philosophy. Few philosophers have given more explicit recognition to the importance of temperament in forming such beliefs. This, too, is not new with Mr. Russell. In the old days he used to take his mathematics with a sauce of mysticism. But in this, as in so many things, Mr. Russell has become younger with the passage of the years. At his final parting with mentalism he says:

I find myself constitutionally incapable of believing that the sun would not exist on a day when he was everywhere hidden by clouds, or that the meat in a pie springs into existence at the moment when the pie is opened. I know the logical answer to such objections, and *qua* logician I think the answer a good one. The logical argument, however, does not even tend to show that there are *not* non-mental events; it only tends to show that we have no right to feel sure of their existence. For my part, I find myself believing in them in spite of all that can be said to persuade me that I ought to feel doubtful. There is an argument of a sort . . . called "solipsism," i. e., the theory that I alone exist. This is a view which is hard to refute, but still harder to believe. I once received a letter from a philosopher who professed to be a solipsist, but was surprised that there were no others! . . . This shows that solipsism is not really believed even by those who think they are convinced of its truth.

If he is not an intellectual dogmatist, Mr. Russell is still less a moral dogmatist. The curse of philosophy is the almost universal assumption—of university authorities no less than of the public—that a philosopher must somehow endorse creation. He must vouch for the universe. That is, he must promulgate an intellectual religion. From this assumption Mr. Russell has cast quite loose; and this is not his least charm in a world made safe for hypocrisy.

It has been customary [he says] to demand of a philosopher that he should show that the world is good in certain respects. I cannot admit any duty of this sort. One might as well demand of an accountant that he should show a satisfactory balance sheet. It is just as bad to be fraudulently optimistic in philosophy as in money matters.

Worse! A thousand times worse! Why is it that people who believe most devoutly in the soul are always

readiest to perpetrate frauds upon it, leaving it to agnostics like Mr. Russell to maintain honesty in spiritual matters? Mr. Russell insists that philosophy does encourage and actually produce the good life, in so far as the good life is the intellectual life. He believes that the intellectual life is the good life, and so do I. But in spite of the prevalence of business methods, intellectual fraud remains the commonest variety. I am very sure that few things would be better for an ailing world than a stiff dose of Mr. Bertrand Russell's "Philosophy."

C. E. AYRES.

Lord Birkenhead

Law, Life and Letters, by the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead. Two vols. New York: George H. Doran Company. 622 pages. \$10.

THE world continues to offer glittering prizes to those who have stout arms and sharp swords." In these words addressed to the students of Glasgow a few years ago, Lord Birkenhead gave evidence of his pugnacious individualist faith. The "sharp swords" must not be taken quite literally, of course. Before the War he did, indeed, join the Ulster Volunteers and achieved tremendous publicity and the nickname "Gallop Smith" by acting as aide de camp to Lord Carson. But, in the main, the battles he has fought, in his swift career from humble lawyer to Lord Chancellor and Secretary of State, have been forensic and political rather than military. His weapons have been a sharp tongue and a quick brain. Turned to the cause of Toryism, these have certainly brought him his share of glittering prizes.

The publishers' announcement of "Law, Life and Letters" had led me to suppose that it contained Lord Birkenhead's memoirs. It would, I thought, throw an interesting light on an important public figure and provide colorful reading. Unhappily, these two stout volumes proved, on inspection, to be a very haphazard collection of essays. Only one of these, "Milestones of My Life," is of a biographical nature, but, so far as it goes, it is distinctly revealing. The account the author gives of his maiden speech in the House of Commons (when the stoutest recruit may be expected to stammer slightly) shows that he enjoys a healthy ego.

I spoke with a degree of calculated insolence and sustained invective which I am quite sure has never been attempted before or since by one who addressed the House of Commons for the first time. As I drove down with my wife, I said, "I shall either make a brilliant success or a greater failure than that of Disraeli." Before I sat down it was obvious that it was a *tour de force*.

The rest of this work makes very dull reading, for, however sharp his tongue, his pen is woefully blunt. His prose is of that ponderous variety best described as mid-Victorian journalese. Nor has he anything very important to say. Some papers on legal subjects have some slight interest, but they hardly explain his great reputation as a lawyer. He displays a fair degree of enlightenment in regard to divorce reform, but offsets this by upholding the law relating to breach of promise.

At one time Lord Birkenhead supplemented his official salary by writing controversial articles which might be silly but were often lively. Mr. Baldwin, however, vetoed this activity as unbecoming to a Minister, and he has

therefore been reduced to boiling the pot with themes—the sophomoric connotation makes the word exactly right—on such subjects as "Patriotism and the Monarchy," "Eloquence," and "Stray Thoughts on Letter Writing." Only when examining the Bolshevik mind can he really let off steam, for the utter vileness of that organ is, in the best Tory circles, established beyond controversy. Here we have a fine example of his gift for "calculated insolence and sustained invective."

In dealing with the Bolshevik leaders let us remember we are dealing with homicidal megalomaniacs, not with normal men and women. And when we are told that the remonstrances, which I and other ministers have made in plain language against their activities, afford some justification for those activities, I reply that no one abuses them for the sake of diversion. . . . We become only concerned to make plain the filthy vices, the blood-thirsty tyranny, and the economic failure of the Bolshevik leaders, when we realize that a febrile and hysterical minority of our population is inclined to take its orders from the decaying and bloodsoaked system of Moscow.

Tories will tell you that Lord Birkenhead is one of the "first-class brains" of the party. They ought to know; but charity makes me hesitate to agree.

KEITH HUTCHISON.

Modern Persia

The New Persia, by Vincent Sheean. New York: The Century Company. 330 pages. \$2.50.

Checkmate. Fighting Tradition in Central Persia, by F. A. C. Forbes-Leith. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. 242 pages. \$3.50.

PERSIA has been for more than half a century the concern of three principal interests. Russia has sought to exploit it commercially and economically, especially in the north; Great Britain has had economic and political interests in the south, largely because of India and the control of the Persian Gulf; and the Persians themselves have had a prolonged struggle to maintain national independence and to keep Persia mistress of her own house, in the face of internal political corruption, a *fainéant* monarchy, and external aggression. Outside petroleum interests, such as the Standard Oil and the Sinclair groups, have also helped to exploit the wealth of Persia to its political disadvantage. The history of this three-cornered contest for Persian dominance is an interesting and none too creditable story, which throws a good deal of light on diplomatic practice and imperialistic methods of foreign powers. The efforts of the Persians to reform their government and put their own house in order is another fascinating story; their desire to avoid the dangers of a complete revolutionary westernization is a significant contrast to the social and political transformation achieved in Turkey in recent years.

"The New Persia" gives an interesting and rapid sketch of the post-war developments in that country, and tells the story of the advent to the throne of that *maire du palais*, Rhesa Khan Pahlevi, who overthrew the effete Khajar dynasty. Mr. Sheean, from first-hand observation, continues the story of the American Financial Mission to Persia, earlier told in Mr. Morgan Shuster's and Mr. Millspaugh's accounts. Unfortunately, the present book does not bring the story down to the present, when the Millspaugh Mission has dissolved into confused disorgani-

zation. Chapters are devoted to the arts and social life and some of the internal problems of the New Persia; and an effort has been made to examine critically the roles of Russia and Great Britain in the more recent political vicissitudes of Persia. Mr. Sheean has no good word to say of foreign imperialism practised by either of these powers, but is favorable to the work of the American Mission in the face of its manifold difficulties. He considers that the work of the Mission is not likely to continue much longer, but that its influence and achievements have been momentous for Persia. After reading this book, no one will gainsay the judgment. It is to be regretted that no index has been provided in this work; such a useful survey of modern Persia should have this convenience.

Major Forbes-Leith, a noted British explorer and an army officer intimately acquainted with Persia and its life and customs, gives in his reminiscences a vivid illustration of the difficulties besetting the foreigner who attempts to introduce reforms into this conservative eastern country. The volume is written in an entertaining narrative form, and relates the experiences—sometimes most exciting—of the author, who left the army to take service with a distinguished Persian "feudal nobleman" as his overseer of an estate of over 500 square miles and ninety-six villages. In this capacity he was privileged to be judge, army commander, tax collector, physician and general lawyer and advisor. His almost futile efforts to inculcate in his 30,000 Persian "subjects" western ideas of honesty, truthfulness, diligence and efficiency, reveal the difficulty of trying to hurry the East. Nevertheless, some good was accomplished, before the revolution brought to an end the increasingly up-hill work. The book throws a strong light on Persian internal problems and politics, and illustrates in a limited cross-section the more general picture drawn by Mr. Sheean.

KENNETH P. KIRKWOOD.

Can War Be Outlawed?

The Outlawry of War, by Charles Clayton Morrison. Chicago: Willett, Clark and Colby. 300 pages. \$3.

THE idea of "outlawing war" has now become a familiar one. Dr. Morrison, the able editor of the *Christian Century*, is the chief sponsor of the idea in religious circles, and Professor Dewey, who writes the introduction to his book, has given it standing in the philosophical world. As everybody knows, Senator Borah is its chief political protagonist. It is a bit remarkable that the first adequate formulation of the doctrine—for it is nothing less than a doctrine—should come, not from the professor or the statesman, but from the preacher-editor.

In a lengthy review, one might indulge in many commendations, but here there is space only to examine the thesis. In brief, that thesis is that war can be ended only by making it an international crime, and that, until this is accomplished, all efforts toward world peace are of little significance. The League of Nations is considered to be not only ineffective as a means of abolishing war but, in its very nature, a bulwark of the war system. Its military sanctions—theoretical though they seem to be—are regarded as its undoing. The contention that the activities of the League constitute "next steps" toward peace is denounced by the author and by Professor Dewey on the ground that the "steps" are in the wrong direction. Progress, says Professor Dewey, comes not by adding bit by bit to existing mechanisms and processes, but by new departures, or, as the biologist would say, mutations.

Every social idealist must applaud this radical attack on war. Even the practical statesman may well grant that war will have to be made a crime before it will disappear, and the "outlawrists" are rendering a signal service in planting this moral and forensic aspect of the problem firmly in contemporary thinking. But, from this point on, the thesis seems to have fatal weaknesses.

The underlying fallacy is in the confusing of cause and effect. The statutory outlawry of war, like all other prohibitory legislation that is successful, must come as the public witness to political organization, economic adjustment and spiritual regeneration which, in the first instance, it would be utterly powerless to effect. The proponents of the plan themselves recognize that the right of defense against attack cannot be denied, and therefore this right is declared to be "not involved." This means, of course, that nations will maintain a readiness to defend themselves as long as fear and suspicion last—that it is, after all, only aggressive war that can be outlawed. And, as Dr. Morrison himself states, the aggressor is always hard to isolate.

The author depends a good deal upon the analogies of duelling and slavery, which have been outlawed to the lasting benefit of the world. But the fact is that the mere outlawing of the duel did not abolish it; it had to be socially relegated, as does any deeply entrenched custom that runs foul of the developing conscience of mankind. As for slavery, it was abolished first as a war measure, and the abolition was then confirmed by a formal "outlawing" in the Thirteenth Amendment.

It should not be intimated that Dr. Morrison is unmindful of the need of political and juridical machinery to construct and maintain international peace. The difficulty is, rather, that he gives a secondary place to these considerations which are, in fact, primary, and thus reverses the true process of social change. International law is not created by assemblies or by codification commissions, but by a long process of grappling with specific issues, discovering the equities involved, devising formulas of adjustment and building machinery for their administration.

Outlawrists make little of the causes of war, and this is by design. They regard the causes as too fundamental to deal with effectively. If we wait, they say, until these are removed, war will remain indefinitely as an international institution. The reasoning is defective. It is a fundamental weakness of "outlawry" that it treats war as if it were merely a means of settling disputes, a means that has only to be collectively put aside by solemn resolution. On the contrary, war is a means by which powerful nations get what they want, and it will pass into disuse only when, through a spiritual regeneration, nations renounce it as a method of getting what cannot be secured by ethical means. And this will come about as the flowering of those slow processes of mutual discovery and coöperation in the great common concerns of life—processes which are going on constructively at Geneva, though, unfortunately, little observed by Americans. What Dr. Morrison regards as the relatively unimportant humanitarian and intellectual activities of the League are, in fact, the very stuff of which an enduring peace is made.

Such measures as the Briand proposal are all to the good, and are probably essential to the effectual abolition of war. But M. Briand would be the last to ring down the curtain on Geneva just because all the nations had irrevocably renounced the use of force. Let us outlaw war with all the speed we may, but let us not confuse the consummation with the process.

F. ERNEST JOHNSON.

Color

Caroling Dusk, an anthology of verse by Negro poets, edited by Countee Cullen. New York: Harper and Brothers. 237 pages. \$2.50.

MR. CULLEN calls this "an anthology by Negro poets" and not "a Negro anthology," thereby circumscribing the critic and gaining for his anthology what he would think a "purer" judgment. As an anthology, the volume would be judged on merits of the achievement of the individual poets contributing. As an anthology of English or American poetry, it can claim no eminence. Among the contributors, only Jean Toomer can be ranked with the best. But its significance is as an anthology of Negro poetry, of the poetry of the American Negro. As such it is representative, in the main, of the Negro's wish to avoid himself.

No one will gainsay the right of the Negro to enjoy a tradition which has been imparted to him through these generations. But in the utilization of a tradition, transformations must occur. Although Mr. Cullen prefers "the measured line and the skillful rhyme," he cannot deny the urge of his racial identity. This is true of all Negro writers in America. They are aware of their origin because it is so near to them, and because the pressure of their American environment accentuates their nativity. If the tradition of English poesy (or the Japanese *hokku*) is insistent upon the Negro's intellect, it must still be submissive to the more qualitative experience of folk or race. This submission is the necessary fusion of form and content. It can be accomplished only by intelligence working in unison with intuition. As yet such coöperation is visible only in the poetry of Jean Toomer, and less brilliantly in James Weldon Johnson's sermons. Toomer has allowed his inheritance to work upon the forms of English verse so that the final product is at once personal, contemporary, racial and universal. The poems are relaxed and fluid. This cannot be said of the work of the other poets in the volume. Paul Dunbar, who leads the selections, was, in his most important poems, a folk poet. He rhymed the folk commonplace. That he achieved more than the doggerel of James Whitcomb Riley, white America's folk rhymester, is due to the superiority of his folk's commonplace and the validity of his experience of this commonplace. Dunbar's work indicates the road the later Negro poets should have taken. There was no consciousness in his writing of the potentialities of the material. James Weldon Johnson extended the native experience by more fully exploiting its poetic values.

If the tradition of English verse—as Mr. Cullen sees it—is meaningful to the Negro, he must prove it in his work. On the whole, this anthology contains not tradition, but stereotype. Tradition is generative. The orthodoxy is stilted and uncomfortable, and, as in the poems of Jessie Fauset, snobbish. The elder Cotter's contributions, while not important achievements, have a cleanliness of outline and ease which make them unique in this volume.

A Negro writer once said that the Negro has two selves, one for the white man and one for himself. Reading these poems after an intimacy with workaday Negroes leads to a suspicion that the poetry of the Negro is the self he is showing to the white man. This polite writing is not a new development in the expression of the Aframerican. It dates back to the first rhyme set down by America's first Negro versifier, Jupiter Hammon. Phillis Wheatley

starched her lines to please English royalty and Mr. Washington. I am not accusing the contemporary Negro of sycophancy, but something is wrong when he cannot make his folk or race experience articulate in flexible, colorful poems.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN.

The Treasure of the Humble

Juggler's Kiss, by Manuel Komroff. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

MR. KOMROFF has written a novel in the expressionistic manner. The narrative portions are told strictly from the hero's point of view, and the digressions may be taken as an extension of the hero's consciousness. At the same time, the author has invested the whole with a laconic irony in the telling, so that his own *Weltanschauung* is everywhere implied. It is implicit even in those passages of purely objective story-telling, clear-cut and memorable as certain tales from Boccaccio, and fitted organically into the pattern of the book. Action shifts casually, with no more warning or transition than the shifting sets of a theater, from a mill town to the slums of a large city, thence to a rubber-plantation in Java, to a ship on the China Sea, and to a sailor's underworld in Singapore. It follows the psychic and physical adventures of one Dundee, whose weakness, rather than strength, is responsible for his nonconformity to the standard social patterns. He has a demonic monitor, who points the way at all the cross-roads in his life, and whose guidance he follows implicitly, to his own grief. Like Ibsen's more impudent hero, Dundee lives upon his sensations, and he comes to a bad end.

In its lyrical mood and its somewhat eery atmosphere, in its theme, which is an Odyssey blind-folded and ending in a flash of understanding, "Juggler's Kiss" has a more than passing resemblance to "Peer Gynt." Like that drama, its total effectiveness is independent of a vein of obscure and rather confused symbolism. Certain of its passages are intensely moving, and its narrative moves forward with a fine, quick stride. The question of success in a world of cunning compromises is one that vexes Dundee continually in his wanderings. One may gather that this problem has bulked large, from time to time, in the author's own mind. It is odd that in playing so mockingly upon the motif of Success, Mr. Komroff has achieved an eminently successful novel.

ROSE LEE.

The Jesuits

The Jesuit Enigma, by E. Boyd Barrett. New York: Boni and Liveright. 339 pages. \$4.

AT least once in a decade the general public is given the chance of reading a book about Catholicism by some former priest who has found life in the Catholic Church no longer tolerable. Thus in recent years have appeared Joseph McCabe's "My Twelve Years in a Monastery," the account of a transition from the Friars Minor to agnosticism, and "Letters of a Modernist to Pope Pius Tenth," by the former Paulist, William Laurence Sullivan. But it is a rare occurrence for ex-Jesuits to write of their experiences. Accordingly, since two such books have appeared since 1900, one may be permitted to wonder if it augurs anything of significance

as to a stirring rebellion within the ranks of the Society of Jesus. The first Jesuit book of the century was the autobiography of Father George Tyrrell of the English Province; the second is the book now under discussion, Dr. E. Boyd Barrett's "Jesuit Enigma."

While yet a young boy, Boyd Barrett was sent to the Jesuit school, Clongowes, in Ireland. A pious lad, bright and studious, he soon fell victim to the glamor cast over the person of the priest, and particularly the Jesuit priest, by the faith of the lay Catholic. By the time he was fourteen, he was already sure he had a Jesuit vocation. At twenty-one, he entered the novitiate, and in two years' time was in simple vows engaged in the study of Catholic philosophy. The story of his noviceship is a common one. Simple, believing boys, swept off their feet by religious emotionalism, most of them ignorant of even the simple biological facts of reproduction, they went on to their first vows with a sense of living in a dream world.

His philosophy years began to bring disillusionment. The inefficiency of his teachers, the complete failure on the part of the Jesuit system to provide the slightest pedagogical training to young men destined to become teachers, the slipping of the students from their novice's fervor into evasions of the rule, the deliberate deceit practised by his Superior, were a few among many steps in his progress toward reality. One can imagine the boy's feelings when, in answer to a request that he might visit his mother, the Superior said, "What do you want talking to an old woman in a back parlor?"

At Louvain he studied hard and gained his doctorate. Thence to Clongowes, where he became a master. A few years later, when he had won distinction by his psychological writings, he found himself a man sorely distrusted by his superiors. Every criticism of the system he had made had apparently been reported by spies to his superiors; and finally, by a bit of indefensible deceit, he was shunted off to America. His troubles followed him until one night when he returned to the Jesuit house in Sixteenth Street, New York, he found the House Master had issued orders that he was not to be allowed to enter. Luckily he had enough money in his pocket to get a room for the night. His papers of dismissal were later handed to him in due form.

But Jesuit persecution still followed him. He was not to be allowed even to exercise his priesthood, for the Society had gone to the Pope and obtained a ruling that no ex-Jesuit might be taken into any diocese of the Church. If Dr. Barrett remains a Catholic, he is condemned to the daily recitation of his breviary, and to the vow of chastity; but he may not look to the Church for his support, nor may he have any of the so-called consolations of the priesthood to support him under this well-nigh intolerable burden.

Such is the man's story, told in simplicity and in a straightforward manner. The greater part of his book, however, is occupied with an indictment of the Society of Jesus. Jesuits are neither the black scoundrels non-Catholics have painted them nor are they the holy saints and intellectual aristocrats the laity believe them to be. Their crowning vice is pride; their greatest virtue is courage. As an organization, they are really the carrying out to the utmost logical extreme of the ideals of sanctity as set down by the teachings of the Church.

Dr. Barrett writes naively at times. Nowhere does he seem to realize that, if his indictment is a true one, it impales not only the Jesuits, but the Church. Ignatius Loyola, founder of the Order, tried to invent a Rule that

would make it practically impossible for a monk to become lax. He wanted priests who would never violate the vows of chastity, poverty, or obedience. He wanted to avoid the scandals into which the elder Orders had often fallen. His vast system of spies and tale-bearers, the autocratic power he placed in the hands of Superiors, the complete suppression of every sign of individuality in the monk, the clever method for discovering and punishing men who dared to criticize the Rule or the Superiors, all this was built up by Ignatius with one purpose in view—that of making the ideal of Catholic asceticism a living reality. If he failed, if it is true that the suppression makes nearly every Jesuit a psychopathic case, unhappy, suspicious of his brethren, mediocre intellectually because all novelties of the mind are ruthlessly crushed, the fault lies not so much at the door of Ignatius' system as at the door of the ideal.

Granted that the most important thing in life for a Catholic is that he should believe every word of the Church's teachings, and that man is on this earth only to keep his soul free of grave sin and so be ready for the call of death that cometh like a thief in the night, why should the Jesuits be interested in the things of the mind *per se*? Why should they care if their system breaks the spirit of man? Better to enter into heaven having only one eye than, having both, to go into Hell. In this respect the Jesuits are Fundamentalists incarnate.

The book will be widely read, and deservedly so. It bears the earmarks of authenticity. If Dr. Barrett has fallen into the error of special pleading here and there, it does not vitiate his exposition nor the main trend of his arguments. To one who reads the book, the title "Enigma" seems a bit misleading. There is nothing essentially puzzling about the Jesuits. If they are wrong, it is their premises that are at fault, not their logic. And those premises have behind them the teaching authority of the Holy See, with its claim to infallibility.

JOHN CLARENCE PETRIE.

Contributors

HAROLD J. LASKI is a member of the faculty of the University of London, and the author of "Authority in the Modern State" and other works on political subjects.

CARLETON BEALS, a resident of Mexico, and formerly principal of the American High School in Mexico City, is the author of "Mexico, an Interpretation," and other books.

C. E. AYRES, author of "Science: the False Messiah," was formerly professor of philosophy at Amherst and Reed Colleges.

KEITH HUTCHISON, an English writer now living in New York, was formerly associated with the Independent Labor party in London. He is the author of "Labor in Politics."

KENNETH P. KIRKWOOD, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society and of the American Geographical Society, is the author, with Professor A. J. Toynbee, of "Turkey."

F. ERNEST JOHNSON, executive secretary of the Department of Research and Education of the Federal Council of Churches, is author of "Christian Ideals in Industry," and "The New Spirit in Industry."

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN was editor of The Guardian, and is now director of The Children's Play Village in Philadelphia.

JOHN CLARENCE PETRIE, a graduate of Fordham University and of the General Theological Seminary, is minister of the First Unitarian Church, Lynchburg, Virginia.